

John Dick 313 Strand

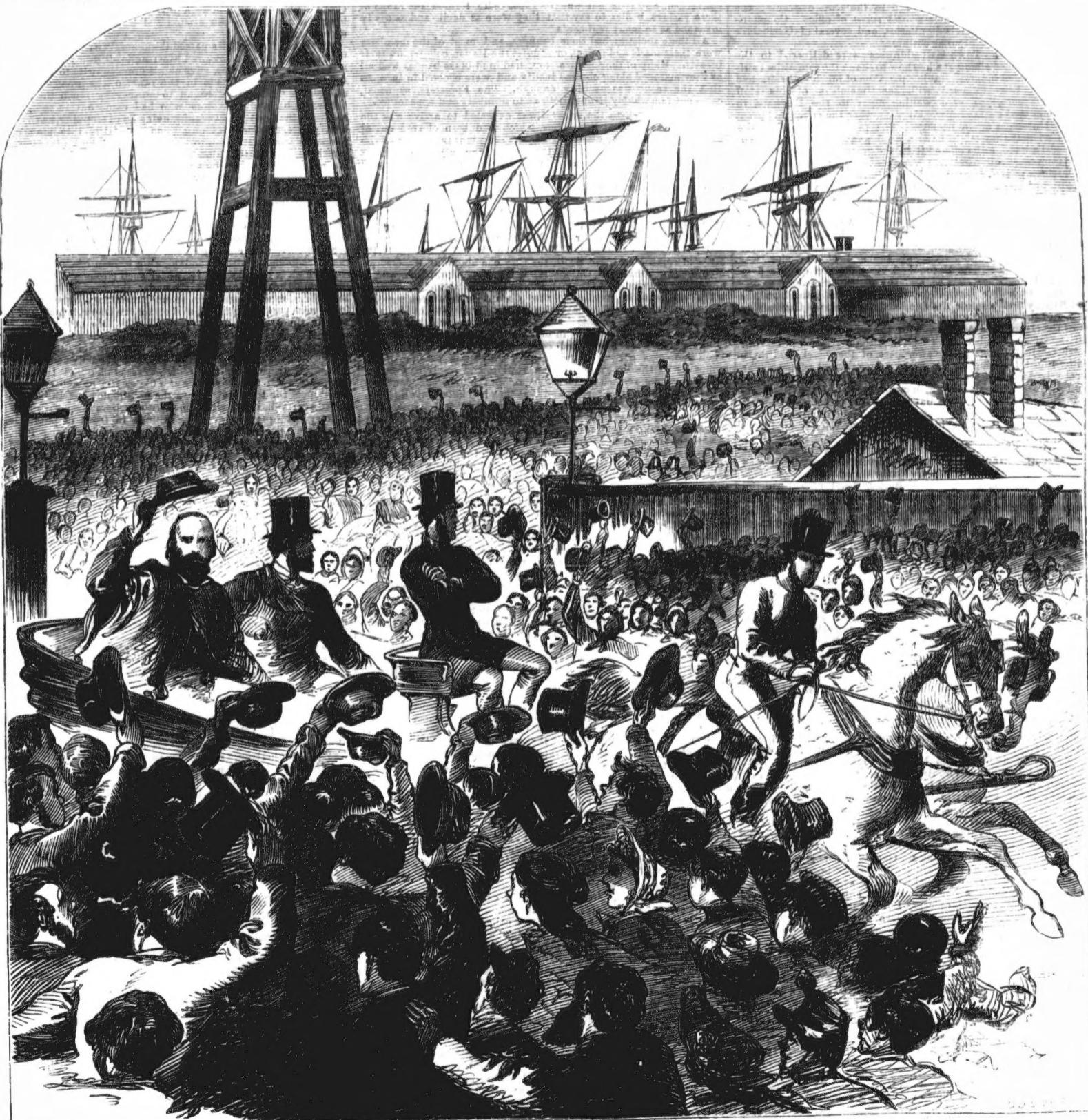
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI AT SOUTHAMPTON.—THE CORTEGE PASSING THE DOCK GATES. (See page 69.)

## GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND

## GARIBALDI AT SOUTHAMPTON.

(By our Special Artist.)

MONDAY, the 4th, was to be the grand gala day and holiday for the town folks. The sun shone brilliantly; the houses looked gay with their flags and banners waving. The inhabitants seemed to be with each other in the decorations of their dwellings, so that they might not be behind by showing their gratitude to so noble a guest. Early in the day the church bells rang a merry peal, salutes were fired at the lower part of the park, and other demonstrations of joy, &c. The streets were thronged in all directions by visitors arriving from all parts of the country.

By this time the parts were crowded by happy faces; rich and poor mingled together to do honour to the general. The 1st Hants Engineers' brass band, which had assembled in the front garden of the general's quarters, played selections of operas, which gratified the assembled multitude. The parish beadle stood majestically with their wands of office at the entrance; carrying a numbers arrived to take part in the procession, which was soon arranged.

After waiting some time, the cry "Here they are!" arose from many a lip. Gazing from the windows (a most imposing sight), pretty women, the fair sex of Hampshire, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, smiling and waving their handkerchiefs, had a most enchanting effect; as the procession moved onwards the cheering was unparalleled. A strong body of police, four deep, came first; then followed the splendid band of the 1st Hants Engineers, dressed in white uniform with red facings, playing the "Garibaldian Hymn." Following these came the conqueror of tyranny (see illustration, page 696)—a carriage conveying the brave general, drawn by four white horses, the jockeys in white, with rosettes in their coats; the beadle, with the regalia of Southampton, sitting on the box. Garibaldi was dressed in his usual costume, a red shirt and grey cape, and a black turban, which he continually held in his hand, bowing in all directions to those who were cheering lustily. The next carriage contained the sons of the general, drawn by white horses, and the dress of the jockey to correspond. About twenty more carriages followed in the rear, conveying the mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes of office. Common-councilmen and other civic dignitaries, and several of Garibaldi's staff, followed in their peculiar costume.

On arriving at the Town Hall addresses were delivered to the general who seemed almost at a loss how to thank the committees sufficiently for their kindness. Having partaken of lunch and refreshed himself, the hero followed with the members of his staff to the carriages which were waiting close to the Bar-gate, to convey them to the Grand-pier. For some time the police had great difficulty in clearing a passage. The people thronged to the carriages so that they might have a good gaze and hearty shake of the general's hand, as he offered it to the grasp of the people, who were jammed in all directions. A shout arose from all quarters, and blessings poured down upon him. After a great deal of coaxing on the part of the police, a move was made, and very soon the carriages found their way to the Grand-pier. The scene at this point was grand in the extreme; all along the water's edge, the house-tops and the shipping were gaily dressed. Boats, &c., were literally one living mass of human beings. The Sapphire, that was to convey his honoured guest, was moored alongside of the Grand-pier. The waiting-room at the end of the pier was crowded to excess. The Union-Jack was hoisted on the flag-staff. As the carriage stopped and the general was about to dismount to embark (see illustration, page 696), the guns from the Royal Battery fired a salute, the fine band struck up the Garibaldian Hymn, and the national colours of Italy were hoisted on the foremast of the Sapphire. All this, with the crowd waving hats and handkerchiefs, had a brilliant effect. As the steamer was leaving the pier Garibaldi went to the after part of the vessel, and there stood by himself, gazing at the vast congregation of people. The general raised his hands and waved aloft his cap, which brought down thunders of applause, which could be heard for half a mile round. Soon the Sapphire was out of sight and on its way to West Cowes; the crowd began to clear off the pier and disperse to their homes, feeling most happy in having had an interview with so good and noble a man as Garibaldi.

On arriving at Cowes the scene was somewhat similar to that presented at the pier at Southampton. The ships were gaily dressed with bunting; and the pier was tastefully decorated (see illustration, page 696); the 7th Cowes Volunteer band played on the pontoon bridge. When the Sapphire was made fast to the pier the assembled throng cheered lustily. The mayor went on board and welcomed Garibaldi, in the name of the people, to the town of Cowes, &c. Mr. Seely then took the arm of the general and conducted him to the carriage. The people rushed forward and shook him heartily by the hand, smiling all the while and thanking them for their kindness. Several times did Mr. Seely try to persuade the crowd to make way. As the general stepped into the carriage he stood erect and thanked them one and all; the driver then whipped up the horses, and prodded through Shooter's-hill (see illustration, page 697), amidst the hearty cheers of the happy villagers of West Cowes, towards Brooks House, where Garibaldi received a hearty welcome in the home of an Englishman.

In addition to the illustrations already alluded to, we give two others—Garibaldi's entrance to Southampton, as shown on our first page; and Garibaldi waving his cap on the paddle-box of the Ripon, as the vessel entered the mouth of the docks.

## THIS RECEPTION IN LONDON, &amp;c.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, General Garibaldi, accompanied by his sons, Mr. Seely, M.P., and suite, started en route for Cowes, via Gari-brook and Newport, to pay a visit to Portsmouth Dockyard. The Admiralty steamer Fire Queen, Master-Commander Palet, was placed at the disposal of the general and his party, and awaited their arrival with steam up off Cowes Pier. Between ten and eleven o'clock the party reached Cowes, and shortly afterwards embarked on board the little steamer, in which they made a delightful voyage to Portsmouth. Just before twelve o'clock the Fire Queen entered the harbour, and, steaming in, brought to opposite the King's-stairs. Garibaldi here stepped into the admiral's barge, which had been sent to bring him ashore, and, accompanied by his party, was quickly landed at the stairs, where Admiral Seymour and the naval captain of ships in port, accompanied by numerous naval officers, Lord William Palet, C.B., general commanding the South-Western district, and suite, received the Italian hero with every honour. The landing-place was also occupied by many ladies and gentlemen, all eager to gaze on a man whose fame is world-wide. As the general left the boat to ascend the steps his lameness was particularly apparent, as he was obliged to support the weight of his body on the uninjured limb. The people cheered him loudly, and Garibaldi, with his sons, continually acknowledged the greeting by a smile and salute. Admiral Seymour, Lord Palet, Captain Scott, and others respectively saluted Garibaldi, who conversed with the admiral for a few moments as to the route they should take. It was finally decided that the first visit should be paid to the Royal Sovereign, cupola ship, and thither sped the party, followed by a considerable crowd. The general's dress appeared effectively simple. He wore patent boots on both feet, light trousers, and a red "Garibaldi." Loosely tied round his neck was a blue and white kerchief, and a plain black scarf, his figure being loosely covered with a cream-coloured cloak or wrapper, lined with bright scarlet. The veritable Italian "wide-awake" covered his head, and he carried a stout cane. The ladies were enthusiastic in their welcome, and the dockyard work-

men cheered lustily when Garibaldi appeared amongst them. The cupola system was thoroughly explained on board the Royal Sovereign, and the rotary principle and its effects appeared to be fully comprehended by the general and his sons, the latter taking a marked interest in the ship. Having fully inspected this vessel, the party directed their steps towards the block manufactory, and as they passed the ship in, the Victoria, 107, screw line-fight battleship, was being floated out—an interesting sight to the strangers. The machinery for making blocks was thoroughly inspected and explained, to the evident satisfaction of the visitors. Menotti and his brother lingered in this shop till the last, and evinced their surprise and delight at the elaborate machinery. They next visited the factory, which was in close proximity. The great works were brought into play and thoroughly explained, and the general frequently expressed his gratification. The visit being over, Garibaldi and party walked to the north wall of the yard amidst the cheers of the workpeople, and embarked for the gunnery ship Excellent, Captain Astley Cooper Key, C.B., where he was received with the utmost respect. The seamen and marines were drawn up under arms to receive him, and as he passed between decks, uncovered, and glancing at the sailors on either side of him, the sight was most novel and imposing. While on board this ship Garibaldi witnessed some excellent gunnery practice. The intricacies of the Armstrong gun were explained to the party by Captain Scott, whose knowledge of the Italian language was most useful. Having visited the Illustrous, the general returned to the King's-stairs, and proceeded to the admiral's house, where he partook of luncheon, and afterwards paid a visit to Mrs. White, the mother of his friend, Jessie White Mario, at Cecil-grove, Southsea. Garibaldi and party finally re-embarked on board the Fire Queen, and returned to Brooke, where he arrived about half-past six.

At half-past two o'clock on Monday the general was expected to arrive at Nine Elms, so we need say very little more about the condition of all the streets in the neighbourhood of that station long before the hour had arrived. On this point the working men's societies, marching from all quarters of the metropolis, gradually converged, and it is but due to those who formed the ranks of these various bodies to say that they were as docile and as easily managed as so many regiments.

All these societies had their banners, and most of the members wore their scarfs and orders, or at least the Italian colours, on their breasts. Many of the societies too, had loud brass bands, and all as they marched along cheered lustily and were cheered in turn, so that the scene was exciting enough. The Foresters, as usual, came out remarkably strong, both as to numbers and appearance.

The station where the general was expected to arrive was the large goods station at Nine Elms, which had been cleared out of carriages, and a hasty attempt made to decorate it in honour of the occasion. Here were disposed the visitors, the very favoured few who had been so fortunate as to secure tickets of admission; and here, too, were waiting the members of the Hungarian, Italian, and other deputations who wished to present their addresses to the general.

On the platform to receive the general were Sir Robert Clifton, M.P., Colonel Sykes, M.P., Mr. W. Ewart, M.P., Mr. Ayrton, M.P., Mr. Locke, M.P., Mr. W. Dunlop, M.P., Mr. W. F. Ritter, M.P., Mr. Gifford Onslow, M.P., the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. Alderman Mech, Mr. Scott, the City chamberlain, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Montague Chambers, Q.C., Mr. Richardson, and number of the Court of Common Council. Almost to the moment when all was in readiness the distant cheers coming up the line announced that the train was at hand, and that indescribable bustle and buzz arose which always does arise at the last moment in making the final arrangements of things which were finally and completely arranged long before. Then there was greater cheering still, which was taken up from sympathy by the crowd outside the station, and then there was a lull, and people seemed suddenly to relapse into consciousness that it might be a false report, and that they had known it all along, and in the midst of this temporary quiet the general appeared at the entrance to the station, walking between his two sons, Ricciotti and Menotti, and a perfect tumult of enthusiasm broke out that can always be remembered but never described. The shouts were deafening, and for once the shrill treble of the ladies' voices could be distinguished cheering and cheering heartily. The general wore the uniform in which he was always appeared in public in this country—that which he wore as leader of the Monte Videan Italian legion—a plain grey capote and Garibaldi hat and red tunic. His rest in the Isle of Wight has made a considerable improvement in the bronzed, hardy vigour of his aspect, as compared with the tired and travel-worn look he wore when he landed at Southampton. His lameness, however, seemed as permanent as when he limped from the Ripon, and without the aid of his stick it was evident that walking would be a slow and most laborious effort. As he advanced up the platform to where he was to receive the addresses ladies sometimes offered their hands to him over the barriers, and then his ordinary sad expression of countenance at once changed, as with the most winning courtesy he turned to press their hands, and always had for each fair partisan a word or two of English to thank them for the honour they did him. A little child was put forward to present him with a bouquet, but he scarcely looked at the flowers, as with the most perfectly natural and fatherly manner he took the child in his arms, kissed it, patted its curls, and tried as well as he was able to speak to it in English. Little as this incident was, it was so unexpected, and above all, so perfectly simple and natural, that it did more than elicit applause—it seemed to establish familiar and domestic relation between Garibaldi and all the ladies present. For the rest of the way down the platform he seemed almost bewildered by the intense enthusiasm of his welcome; but once on the dais, so to speak, he turned with the simple dignity that is natural to him, and with his calm, melancholy look, remained to receive the addresses.

The first presented and read to him was from the City. When this was done and silence restored, he said slowly, but with much emphasis and evident feeling:—

"I am very happy to be enabled to-day to have to give my thanks to this noble nation for its generous sympathy for the cause of my country and the cause of all mankind. Long ago I wished well for this day to come, and I am very happy to-day to express to you all my gratitude."

When the cheers which these few words excited had died away the address from the working men was read.

Almost all the passages in this address called forth loud cheers, especially that which applied to Mazzini, which were welcomed with marked enthusiasm. In reply, General Garibaldi said:—

"I like to see working men particularly. I am very grateful and will forget not in all my life this welcome of the class I have the honour to belong to. They like to call me the brother of the working man of every part of the world!"

The cheering which hailed this simple answer was, if possible, even greater than before, amid which, and as if carried away by the enthusiasm and impulse of the moment, an Italian lady suddenly addressed Garibaldi, saying:—

"General—You cannot but rejoice at the great demonstration which you have here witnessed to-day—coming from the heart of the most powerful nation in the world. This nation has proved herself to be the friend of our country, and I am overpowered with joy at witnessing this moving scene—the more so as I am a countrywoman of the hero whom we so heartily greet. I wish to raise my voice to the English people to thank them for the honours heaped upon General Garibaldi for his defence of Italian liberty against despotism. General, may at last your noble example kindle

all hearts to support you, and enable you to establish that civilization in Italy which will unite all humanity like a happy family."

It need scarcely be said how totally this impromptu address took the audience by surprise, nor with what eagerness they listened to the short but most earnest exhortation, which was delivered with a force and emphasis to which it is difficult by a mere report of the spoken words to give adequate expression. Probably at another time such an innovation on the established usages of public speaking in England would have been but coldly received, but here it was welcomed as thoroughly *apropos* to such enthusiasm. Amid this the general, with those who had accompanied him from Southampton—Mr. Seely, M.P.; the Hon. Ralph Dutton, M.P.; Mr. Brinton, the Mayor of Southampton; Mr. Perkins, the ex-Mayor; and Mr. Negretti—began moving out of the station. There was the same scene at the departure of Garibaldi as at his arrival, though the progress was more difficult, so many ladies now were anxious to shake hands, not only with the great visitor, but after him with his sons, and even the gentlemen who had escorted him from the Isle of Wight. At last the door leading from the station was gained, and Garibaldi, with the Mayor of Southampton, the ex-Mayor, and Mr. Seely entered an open carriage and four which had been sent by the Duke of Sutherland. No halt was made now, for it was three o'clock, and the whole of the long procession, which was marshalled up the Wandsworth-road, had to proceed the carriage. Round the general's carriage and in front of it were formed a small body-guard of those who had served with him in Italy. Those included none of the famous one thousand who landed at Marsala, but were those who shared in the subsequent exploits which led to the conquest of Southern Italy. These and a volunteer fire brigade formed the immediate escort of the guests of the day.

Thus accompanied, General Garibaldi drove at once to the station entrance, and emerged from the yard into the vast crowd, which received him with almost boundless enthusiasm and delight. Far and near the trees, the walls, and house-tops were covered with spectators, while up the road, from unseen thousands, came long rolling cheers, and the house-fronts were rippled over with handkerchiefs waving in all directions. The instant the general appeared the procession, which had patiently waited for so long, began moving past his carriage, and then it was seen at a glance that its utter dissolution as a procession was near at hand. The long waiting outside the station had been fatal to its integrity as a pageant.

As each of the societies passed the general's carriage they stopped, took off their hats, and cheered him; and this process, which always lasted some few minutes, gave ample opportunities to the crowd to fill up the gaps thus made in the ranks of the procession. Thus, at last, the "procession" began to wear very much the aspect of the whole body of spectators who had come out to welcome him and with the same privileges of moving on or stopping, as they might best please. Before the procession got fairly into motion, any almost as soon as it began to move in earnest, an accident occurred which dislocated the hinder portion of the *cortege*, and nearly marred the proceedings by a serious interlude. One of the light grey horses attached to a carriage next but one to that of the general, frightened either at the cheering or the strains of the "Garibaldi Hymn," vigorously raised by a brass band in its vicinity, first plunged violently, and then became unmanageable. The postilion ineffectually struggled to retain his seat, and for a moment the pole of the carriage and the forefeet of the horses were elevated almost perpendicularly. Neither backwards, forwards, nor sideways could the carriage move without endangering human life. In the frantic rush which is to be looked for under such circumstances some persons were thrown down, nearly under the back of the carriage; but others, more courageous, secured the horses by main force, till these were partially quieted, and one of the traces, which had given way in the struggle, was repaired. The tide of welcome rolled along the entire route of the procession, growing more and more enthusiastic as it approached the mansion where hospitality and much-needed repose were to succor the fatigues and excitement of the day. Baldones, projections, and roofs were studded or fringed with occupants. All the Government offices, the chambers of professional men, the trees standing in the neighbourhood, the stone roofs of the sentry-boxes in which modern cavaliers keep ward over the military head-quarters, even the railings in front of public buildings became posts of observation. The windows along Pall-mall were not less crowded than at other portions of the route, and the greeting of the hero was equally cordial, but when he arrived at his destination night had already fallen. The Duke of Sutherland warmly welcomed him to Staff-ord House, and the Earl of Shaftesbury and other members of the nobility were in waiting to offer their congratulations.

The success of this vast demonstration must be ascribed entirely to the people, who had it to themselves from end to end. The police, although present in large numbers, about 1,500 being detailed for duty under Superintendent Walker, of the A division, were directed to interfere as little as possible.

## GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Notice has been officially issued that on Monday next, the 18th of April, General Garibaldi will receive at the Crystal Palace addresses from corporate and other public bodies who have voted them in public meeting assembled.

The presentation of addresses will take place in front of the great orchestra, an appropriate dais, with wide steps leading from each side, being erected for Garibaldi in advance thereof. The profits arising from these great fêtes will be devoted to the Testimonial Fund. It is anticipated that excursion trains will run to the Palace from all parts on this occasion.

## GARIBALDI AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The friendship which exists between General Garibaldi and the Duke of Sutherland, at whose residence, Staff-ord House, St. James's, he resides, arose, it is said, in the first instance, from the generous sympathy the duke felt for the gallant general during his illness from the wound he had received at Aspromonte. The duke, while staying with his wife at Naples in the winter of 1862, went over to C. Praia and visited the unfortunate soldier. The spontaneous frankness of the duke deeply impressed the patriot, and since that time the warmest friendship has existed between them. Learning that General Garibaldi intended to visit this country, the duke requested him to make his house his home while in London, and the general accepted the invitation.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.

Mazzini, once writing of the hero on our shores, said:—"There is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish; a whole life devoted to one object—his country; a name consecrated by deeds of honour, first abroad, then at home; valour and constancy more than admirable; simplicity of life and manner which recall the men of antiquity; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured; glory and poverty! Every particular relating to such a man is precious."

Garibaldi's career presents a singular combination of vicissitude and unity. He has been by turns, and even at the same time, seaman and soldier, cattle-dealer, mathematical teacher, candle-maker, master-mariner, general, conqueror, dictator, captive, senator, and rebel. It is hard to say at this moment what are his relations to the King on whom he bestowed the crown of Southern Italy, and to the Government of which he has been both the creator and the enemy. But at no time and in no part of the world has he ever been other than the most devoted of Italian patriots. Yet, strange to say, even his birthplace has been alienated from Italian soil, and in no part of the Peninsula could he live without being watched as an unquiet subject and a dangerous citizen. Such are the disquietudes and contradictions that arise from the unnatural wrong

of denying to a people the possession and rule of the entire of their native land.

Garibaldi was born at Nice. The 22nd of July is named as his birthday. The year is variously stated as 1807 and 1808. Nice was then, as now, a French possession. The armies of the Republic, descending from the Maritime Alps under the future Emperor, had conquered the countries they professed to liberate. The settlement of 1815 restored the Nizzard territory to Sardinia, leaving no memorial of Imperial rule but the mountain road to Turin. The young Garibaldi grew up a subject of the house of Savoy, and entered its service as a sea-boy, the laws of Sardinia requiring an apprenticeship of four years in the navy as a qualification for the command of merchant ship. His parents were not so poor as has been represented. They were able to give him a good education, and pressed upon him one of the learned professions for a career. While serving in the navy he made several voyages in the Mediterranean and Euxine, and had the felicity to save a fellow seaman from drowning. Early in the reign of Charles Albert, the discontents and discontents of his subjects—who had hoped a good deal from his liberal professions while only heir to the crown—took shape from the teachings of Mazzini, then a young Genoese advocate. Their first insurrectionary effort was made in February, 1834, under the traitor Ramorino. He had undertaken to conduct a little army of revolted patriots into Savoy. Genoa was to have furnished a considerable contingent. Garibaldi was one of the many young men who sailed out into the streets of that famous city at nightfall, armed and watchful, waiting for the signal that was never given. The names of the conspirators had been given up, and they were to be arrested on returning to their lodgings. Garibaldi returned, but sauntered out again, and so escaped the fate of his comrades. When he learned they were in the hands of the gendarmes, he disguised himself as a peasant, and made for the mountains. After a dreary journey, in the depths of winter, he reached his father's house. Finding concealment there impossible, he again took himself, though haggard and wearied, to the traditional retreat of the persecuted. He lived on the mountains, despite the snow and ice, for several days and nights—then ventured on the desperate hazard of swimming across the swollen Var—and so escaped into French territory. He made his way on foot to Marseilles, and hired himself there as mate of a French vessel trading to the Black Sea. From this occupation he was diverted by the idea of becoming a merchant or ship master somewhere in South America. It was with this design, and not with that of becoming a soldier adventurer, he went to Rio de Janeiro. Not till he had arrived there did the war between Brasil and the republic of Rio Grande break out; and his part in the contest was decided characteristically enough. There was brought to Rio, among other prisoners of war, one Zambeccare, with whom Garibaldi and some other Italians became acquainted. They resolved to give their services to the weaker cause as that of a republic against an empire. It is recorded that they obtained a vessel by capturing it from the Brazilians, and that Garibaldi, on taking the command, named it Mazzini. For six or eight years he fought for the Rio Grande republic, and for nearly as many more for the republic of Monte Video, against Rosas, the usurper and tyrant of Buenos Ayres. His exploits and perils in these campaigns were remarkable enough without the embellishment of fable which they have received from his French biographers. We have his own authority for the statement that, during the four years he was in command of the little Monte Video army—numbering only 2,000 men, including an Italian legion of 600—he was never in bed, living and sleeping in his saddle or in the field. This he told to Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., on his visit to Tyneside, who published it, with other authenticated particulars of his career, in the *Northern Tribune*. It would be easy to fill columns with more or less exact accounts of his romantic adventures in countries where nothing is too marvellous to have occurred. It is enough that Garibaldi himself is proud of this epoch of his career—that there belongs to it the tender memory of marriage with his beloved Anita, and of the birth of his three children—and that it was the school of his future greatness, in that it nourished those wonderful power of command, of adventure, and of endurance, to which Italy owes so largely her emancipation from tyrannies that have no European parallel but in the Russian rule of Poland.

In Monte Video, on the termination of the war, he might have lived in humble independence—though not at all enriched by his great services—but for the events of 1843. The revolutionary movements of that memorable year really began in Italy. The expulsion of the Austrians in Milan, the union of Sardinia and Naples in a war of Italian liberation, the resistless uprising of liberalism in Rome, in Florence, and in Venice, were the results of causes set in motion before the Revolution of February. Garibaldi was probably forewarned that he would be wanted. He returned to Italy, at the head of eighty or a hundred of his old legion, ready to serve under Charles Albert, Republican as he was, if that monarch would show himself faithful to the national cause. It was a poor sign of such fidelity that the Sardinian King refused the services of the Republican chieftain. Garibaldi had not forgotten that the first time he saw his own name in print it was as a rebel against that monarch, and as sentenced to death. Neither could the King forget it, and he had not Garibaldi's readiness to forgive. So the Monte Video contingent entered the field, with other volunteers, destitute of a royal commission. At Milan Garibaldi met, for the first time, with Mazzini, and the man of action put himself under the direction of the man of thought. They marched together in the retreat from Bergamo to Como—Mazzini as a private soldier—after the fall of Milan. They found their way to Rome when the flight of the Pope had left the people of the mother city of Italy no choice but anarchy or a republic, and the Catholic powers resented their preference of the latter. It soon became too evident that Rome would have to be defended, and Garibaldi took upon himself that grave business—with the fullest sanction, be it understood, of an executive and legislature as regularly and fairly elected as any representative Government that ever existed.

We have not space to write the history of the siege, and it ought not to need a history to this generation. How Garibaldi—in an interval of negotiation with the French—went out to meet a Neapolitan army nearly fifteen thousand strong, attacked them at Palestro, drove them back to Velletri, beat them again, chased them along the old Samnite road to the banks of the Voiturno, and was preparing to march on Naples when recalled to Rome, one of the most curious episodes of modern history. If he had but gone to Naples then—would he have done more than antedate the triumphs of 1860?

Rome did not fall before the arms of France, but before the loving fears of Italy. Garibaldi would have held the city till nothing remained of it but ruins, behind which still to fight for life and liberty. Mazzini refused to prolong the defense to that desperate extremity. To him, the scholar, the thinker, the man of genius and sensibility, Rome was more than the present rampart of Italian liberty: it was the symbol of an inestimable past and of a cherished future. He preserved it to be the capital of an Italy yet to be created. The city was therefore surrendered. It did not capitulate on terms, but simply gave itself up. With Garibaldi, indeed, the French commander ignobly refused to treat, and the undaunted chieftain withdrew by the left bank of the Tiber as the French entered on the right bank. He was accompanied by his wife, near to becoming again a mother, and a thousand or more of his devoted soldiers: his children he left in the charge of friends—his daughter Theresa and the two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, who are with him to-day. Whither should he turn his steps? Whither but where there was still an Italian flag floating over an Italian roof! In Venice alone the soldiers of the future still waged the desperate fight with a resistless present. Thither the fragment of the army of the republic

would cut its way. Every step was obstructed or beset by enemies. But there is no legend nor lay, no written or unwritten poem, richer in the imperishable elements of romance, in courage and fortitude, in love and suffering, than the truthful, tragic, modern story of Garibaldi's escape across the Apennines—from Tivoli to Terni, from Terni to Arezzo, from Arezzo to some nameless hamlet on the Adriatic; to the faithless shelter of the fictitious republic of San Marino; thence to Rimini, and so, by unknown ways, to Venice; and from Venice, by fresh disguises, to Genoa, there to find no resting-place, nor anywhere between the Alps and the extremity of Italy. The so-called republic of San Marino was simply a Papal dependency, ruled by a resident nuncio. It had, nevertheless, the dignity of an independent State; and Garibaldi, borne down by Austrian columns, resolved on accepting its proffered protection, of course on condition of disarmament. Nine hundred of his men gave up their arms, but were immediately made prisoners and sent to Mantua, many of them being previously flogged. Garibaldi himself, with his wife, and about three hundred of the band, alarmed in time, broke through their guards and reached the shore, embarked in fishing-boats, and made towards Venice. They were seen and pursued by Austrian steamers. Only two of the boats regained the shore; Garibaldi was in one of them, which landed near Rimini. Anita was now so worn and ill that she could not walk; and when her husband separated from his companions as the only chance of safety, he had literally to carry her in his arms. Two days later he bore her to the door of a peasant, asking for water for her. She expired as he put it to her lips. For very life—the life much more precious to Italy than he could have dreamed—he had to leave her unburied corpse. It was barely recognizable by his pursuers as the body of the great chieftain's wife. The place of her burial has been revisited in far happier days. And there yet may arise a still brighter day, when Italy shall make of the grave of Anita the shrine of a holy and effectual martyr!

The wifeless husband was a forlorn and homeless wanderer. He reached Venice too late to stay its fall. How he contrived to make his way to Genoa is among the untold adventures of political romance. He could not then trust himself under the rule of Charles Albert's son. He took ship to Tunis, but was not allowed to remain. Sad and shameful to say, neither was he allowed to remain at Gibraltar. He was driven thence by a governor. At Tangiers he found more toleration, but returned to Gibraltar, and was watched there through the twenty-four hours of his stay. He had resolved on his future. He took ship from Gibraltar to Liverpool, whence, after a few days' sojourn, he embarked for New York. This was in June, 1850. In New York he joined some of his countrymen in seeking employment on the railroad and canal works across the Isthmus of Panama. After some weary waiting he abandoned the pursuit, and got an honourable living by the unworthy occupation of tallow-candle-making in a manufactory on Staten Island. But his old maritime instincts presently prevailed. He got the command of a ship to Lima, and then of a larger one to Hong Kong. He made several voyages to China and Australia before transferring himself to the Commonwealth, trading from New York to Genoa. In this vessel he came into the Tyne, to take in coal; perhaps, also, to do some service for the old cause. The Commonwealth carried the American flag, but her owners and crew were all Italians, many of them high-born, educated men—all exiles, waiting and working for the hour of fresh effort and sacrifice.

When it was known that the Commonwealth had anchored at Tynesmouth, a subscription was made to present her commander with a sword and a telescope. It was proposed also to invite him to a public entertainment. He declined the latter, but joyfully accepted the sword and telescope. The presentation was made on the deck of the Commonwealth, and acknowledged in many terms.

A new era was about to dawn on the Commonwealth men. Constitutional rule was now fully established in Sardinia. Garibaldi, accepting that rule, purchased the island farm of Caprera, became a trader to Nice, and obtained the recognition of his rank in the Sardinian navy. Cavour was the ruling spirit in the council of Victor Emmanuel. Italy was about to enter—through the gates of diplomacy, and led by the hand of statecraft—into the confederacy of great Powers. Cavour concluded, in December, 1853, a treaty of alliance with France and England in their war against Russia. In the Ormes, Sardinian troops learned to repair and avenge the disaster of Novara. The battle of the Teherneya was hailed as a victory over Austria. A national subscription was opened for the purchase of cannon and the equipment of volunteer corps. The Italian question was mooted at the Congress of Paris. Rome, as well as Austria, was the subject of debate. It got to be understood that something must be done, or that something else would happen. Something was done, though not at once. Austria broke off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and Lombardy gave signs of revolutionary movement. The republicans acted apart from the monarchists, and were severely repressed by them, yet learned to anticipate united action. Garibaldi looked on, not well pleased, but hopeful—distrusting the diplomats, but foreseeing his opportunity. The 1st of January, 1859, was made memorable by a few words from the Emperor of the French to the representative of Austria. Then the King of Sardinia gave his daughter in marriage to the Prince Napoleon. And in the middle of April following Cavour sent for Garibaldi, and said to him, before the King, "General, the long-expected day is now at hand: we want you." "I am always ready to serve my country," replied Garibaldi, "and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. My war cry shall therefore be, Italian unity, under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel!" It was agreed that Garibaldi should take the command of the Cacciatori delle Alpi, a corps of volunteers organized by General Cialdini. They consisted of three fine regiments, made up in great part of men who had served under Garibaldi himself in the war of 1848-9. He departed at once for Biella, a mountain town on the river Cerva. On his staff were several of his old South American companions, besides officers of the garrison of Rome. He led the Cacciatori into action first with Cialdini at Casale, and next day he was summoned to the head-quarters at San Salvatore. Here the king gave him an autograph authority to raise volunteers, and began to explain to him the plan of operations he was expected to pursue. We are indebted to Arrivabene for the report of a characteristic interview. After a great deal of talking over maps, and much discussion of strategical combinations, Garibaldi begged to be allowed to observe that he could not undertake to carry out any preconcerted plan, and that he wished to be left to his own daring inspiration. Victor Emmanuel saw at once that it was hopeless to keep such a bird in the cage of settled orders, and at once abandoning the attempt, said, "Go where you like; do what you like! I have only one regret, that I am not able to follow you!" Thus commissioned, Garibaldi returned to his corps, and began that famous series of impromptu operations of which the capture of Bergamo and Como are the principal incidents, and which resulted in clearing the Austrians out of the lake country and off the foot of the Alps, while the allied armies drove them from the Po to the Ticino, and in the great battles of Magenta and Solferino compelled the surrender of Lombardy.

Garibaldi's share in these great exploits has not been appreciated. The blaze of imperial achievement cast into the shade the miracies of courage and strategy wrought by the so-called guerrilla chief. The military talents which enabled him to elude and defeat, with three thousand irregular soldiers, the ten thousand well equipped and perfectly disciplined men under so experienced a commander as Urban, must be of the highest order. The return march from Laveno to the relief of Varese, threatened with all the horrors that Croat brutality could inflict, involved the Cacciatori in the extremest

danger. They had been obliged, by the rapidity of their march on foot, to leave behind them their four guns, while the Austrians had both cavalry and artillery. Urban actually telegraphed to Milan that he had surrounded Garibaldi, and would have him, dead or alive. Garibaldi favoured the idea that he found himself in a trap, and intended to make a desperate fight. "As night came on," says Arrivabene, "he made a great display of bivouac fires, and ordered his men to march up and down behind them. The sky, which had been pure and blue during the day, was suddenly covered by dense, rolling clouds, which spread from the east to the west, carried by the wind, whistling and sweeping wildly round the valleys. . . . Taking advantage of the darkness, which was rendered still greater by the increasing violence of the storm, Garibaldi gave orders for a retreat. Silent, with their bivouac fires still blazing, the Cacciatori delle Alpi passed unnoticed close to the Austrian outposts, struck along the arduous mountain paths into the deepest gorges, and after a long, difficult, and fatiguing march of many hours, through rivers and ravines, arrived at Como, whilst Urban was anxiously awaiting the moment of attack." Once at least in the course of the campaign Garibaldi had an interview with the king at Milan, to remonstrate upon the failure of promised reinforcements, and to warn him against putting faith in the Emperor. The wrath of the general when the convention of Villafranca seemed to verify these warnings made itself heard beyond the ranks of his command. By this and other acts he felt outraged and insulted, and left the Romagna for Caprera—first paying a visit of religious solemnity to the chapel at Pineta, in the precincts of which lay his beloved Anita.

Elected to the parliament that re-assembled in Turin in April, 1860, he demanded from his place in the Chamber why the Government had alienated from Italy the provinces of Nice and Savoy. It was a question to which no answer could be given that would satisfy him—but the majority approved, and he submitted, resolved on a noble revenge. He determined on an expedition to Sicily, in aid of the insurgents there. He set sail with 1,000 men, and conquered a kingdom in 122 days. He went, touched by what he heard of their efforts and sufferings, in the simple-minded hope of delivering the people of Southern Italy from a cruel despotism. The project was determined upon on the evening of the 30th of April. In five days two merchant steamers were hired, and a thousand and sixty-seven volunteers were ready to embark. They sailed on the morning of the 5th of May from near Genoa, touched on the coast of Tuscany to procure a supply of ammunition, and detach a hundred men under Zambrani for the invasion of the Roman States, and then steered for Providence Point, near Marsala. One of the two steamers stranded, and as the fast company was landing she was fired upon by a Neapolitan frigate; but only one man was wounded, and the thousand marched on to Calatafimi to attack a force nearly four times their number, and strongly posted; defeated them, and pressed on to Palermo. It was at Calatafimi young Menotti received his first wound; and that Garibaldi said to some of his men who sprang forward to defend him with their bodies, "Never mind me; I can never meet with better company or a better day to die." But the man whose mathematical exactness of calculation and wonderful powers of combination enabled him to plan the flank march by which Palermo was reached, along mere goats' tracks over the mountains, was worth to Italy ten thousand of her bravest. So rapid and unexpected was this movement that the Neapolitan general was awoke at night with the news that the man he had supposed twenty miles off was actually in Palermo. Much more desperate was the engagement at Melazzo, on the 21st of July, in which Garibaldi escaped with his life only by the devotion of his staff; and after which, according to Captain Forbes and Dumas, he was found fast asleep in a church porch, after having himself washed his famous red shirt. Messina was the prize of Melazzo; and from Messina, despite a letter from Victor Emmanuel, forbidding the enterprise, the expedition started for the mainland. Crossing the straits under cover of darkness, and in the teeth of the royal navy, the Garibaldians, in two parties, began the conquest of Naples, while Europe looked on with wondering but anxious admiration.

We must hurry over his career from this point until he bivouacked on the hill called Aspromonte. There he was attacked by a division under Colonel Pallavicino, and himself shot down in the effort to induce his men to abstain from firing. The feelings excited in England by this melancholy interruption to his career, and especially by the fact of his being taken prisoner to Spezzia, are too fresh to need revival. If Italy was stunned by the calamity, England was ashamed at it. No one believed here that the Government of the King would proceed to the extremity of shooting down on his road to Rome the man to whom his country owed so much, and who was still bent only upon the completion of her independence and unity. The intense sympathy of the English public found expression in the instant despatch of an eminent surgeon to attend upon him, and in boundless gifts of medicinal and personal comforts. His wounded followers, and especially his son Menotti, shared in these kindly attentions, by which the tedium of sickness and the bitterness of defeat have no doubt been mitigated. And now that the crippled hero has become our guest, we, as a people, have but one wish on his behalf—that he may live to behold in a perfectly liberated and united Italy the prize of his arduous career, the reward of his unwavering faith, and the assurance of his own imperishable fame.

Among the interesting passages in the life of the illustrious hero, was the masterly attack on Calabria.

The stratagem by which the general threw a body of men upon the coast on the night when the first flotilla left the Faro, was worthy of the promptitude and energy by which he overcame difficulties apparently insurmountable. Not only did the landing of this forlorn hope draw off the attention of the enemy, but their immediately taking up a position among the mountains served to enlist the sympathies of the people, who swelled their ranks by a large number of recruits, and established a reserve force to await the arrival of the chief.

It was an anxious night at Messina when the thirty-two boats containing the first division of the invaders were about to be towed across. But three boats remained behind of that detachment, and it was well that the larger body did not wait for them to complete their preparations; as it was, the return of the thirty-two with the good news that they had landed their men was scarcely expected, after the interval of profound silence and anxious suspense which elapsed from their departure. The flash and report of a gun, with some musket-shots, had filled the spectators with alarm for the brave fellows who had gone over, and the sound of the returning oars was a signal for a general rush to the beach to learn the news. The gun had been fired from the fort only after the men had landed unobserved, but the alarm had been given, and the three boats in which there had been some delay were compelled to put back without attempting to show themselves.

One of the exciting scenes in connection with the events to which our sketches (page 692) refer was the attack at Faro. Two salt-water lakes, connected with the sea by means of a canal, served to contain twenty barges, which were some time before collected and placed under the charge of Colonel Bedroni. These were designed for the disembarkation of the troops. Each of them would carry twenty horses, and there was space below for from eighty to one hundred men, who could manage to pack themselves close for such a short run. Besides these, there were about one hundred and fifty coasting and fishing boats and three steamers. With these means, 5,000 men could have been thrown across in half-an-hour.

All these measures were carried out with consummate ability, and ended in the complete success of the attack.



GAZELLE HUNTING IN THE DESERT OF SALE, NEAR TEHERAN.

**GAZELLE HUNTING IN THE DESERT OF SALE.**  
THE following is the plan adopted by the Persians in hunting the gazelle, and as shown in our illustration above.

The gazelles are discovered in their course by natives whose sight and hearing are marvellous. They are approached with the greatest precautions in order that their number, and the direction which they may follow when feeding, may be recognised. Nevertheless, they are not long in discovering the danger which threatens them. They cast a wide glance with their great limpid eyes, then dart into the desert. Their swiftness is so extraordinary that it is often useless to follow them, they are so far in advance. If they have been started at a distance which renders the chase possible, the falcons and greyhounds are immediately let loose. Nothing is more striking than this mode of hunting. In effect it continues a long time, for the gazelles always show themselves worthy of their reputation; and sometimes when the greyhounds, which go on always running, still keep at the same distance, other greyhounds, which are carefully kept in reserve in baskets, are let loose. At last the falcon reaches the flock, chooses his victim, on which he rushes, and never lets go. The gazelle, cruelly wounded by the terrible claws which have torn his delicate neck, frightened by the incessant beating of the falcon's wings, which troubles his sight, seeks in vain to rid himself of his pitiless adversary. His strength diminishes in proportion as his fear increases; his steps grow slower and slower. The dogs, who see him becoming feebler, become themselves more ardent. Already they give him random bites. The gazelle then falls, conquered rather by emotion and pain than by fatigue, for the falcon has often devoured his eyes. The hunters rush forward and finish him while driving away his pursuers. If by chance the falcon gives over pursuing, the greyhounds are recalled, especially if there are no reserves, for the greyhounds themselves would never reach the gazelle.

**LADIES TRAVELLING ALONE.**

ON Tuesday, at Doncaster, George Logan, aged thirty, a well-dressed man, was charged with stealing a clock of the value of £10 from a first-class carriage on the Great Northern Railway. It appears that on Monday night Mrs. Maxwell, of Teviot Bank, three children under her charge, Miss Price, and Mr. Robertson, M.P., travelled in a first-class carriage from Newcastle to York. Mrs. Maxwell had a travelling clock, a bag, a dressing-case, and several other articles with her in the carriage. She got out at York to have some refreshment, and on returning found that the vacant seat was occupied by the prisoner, and that her clock and bag had disappeared. Mrs. Maxwell told Mr. Robertson what had happened, and he beckoned the station-master and guard. A search was made, and the bag was found, but not the clock. The station-master advised Mr. Robertson to look at his own luggage, and while he did so took occasion to tell him that five or six of the swell mob of London were suspected of being

down, and to hint that the stranger might possibly be one of them. He said he would telegraph to Doncaster for the police to be on the look-out. Mr. Robertson returned to the carriage, when the train started. He advised Mrs. Maxwell to do nothing till they got to London, and was very polite to and unsuspicious of their fellow-traveller. He led him into conversation, and soon discovered that

guards to come to the door and to call two policemen. Then getting out, he at once gave the prisoner in charge as having stolen the clock. The policemen hesitated to take him, but the station-master having been beckoned to, and Mr. Robertson mentioning his name and offering to take the whole responsibility, he was taken into custody.

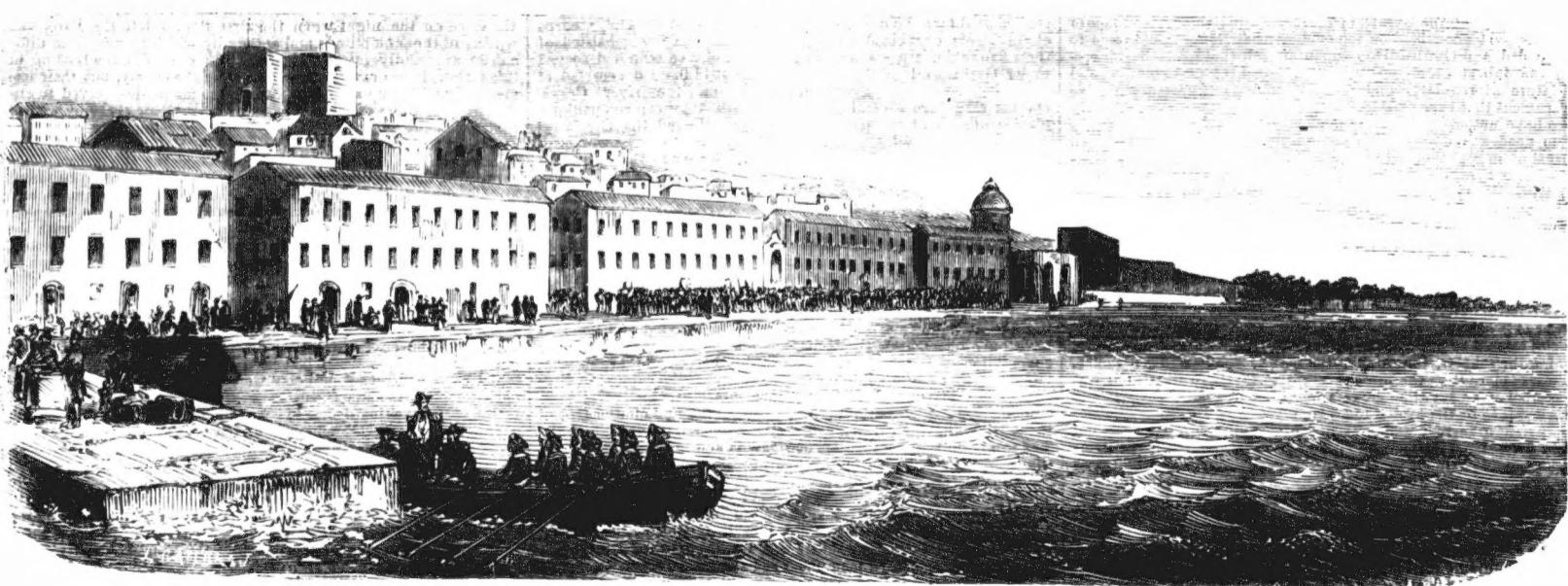
Another mustached man, who probably was another of the swell mob, tried to oppose the proceeding, but Mr. Robertson stopped him from interfering. On arriving in London at the Great Northern Station the guard brought the two superintendents of police, who, on making a search, found the clock in the prisoner's carpet bag. After hearing the evidence, the bench committed the prisoner for trial. He has been identified as a swindler newly liberated from prison. He had imposed a few days ago upon a jeweller at York, and had obtained a large quantity of jewellery under false pretences. On Monday he figured as plaintiff in an action for damages for being summarily ejected from an hotel at Scarborough. It is to be hoped that the apprehension of Logan will be the means of breaking up the gang. If these ladies had been by themselves they would probably have lost property of great value, as during the ten minutes' stoppage at Peterborough, when it is quite dark at this season, and where every one gets out, this man, with his accomplices, who were supposed to be in the train, would have probably surrounded the carriage and taken everything out of it.—*Local Paper.*



INTERIOR OF A TAVERN AT FARO. (See page 691.)

he was not a gentleman, although his appearance certainly indicated that he was. Mr. Robertson then felt satisfied that he was the thief. The train stopped twice at places where there was no police, and he was much afraid the man might get out, but he was determined that he should not do so. On arriving at Doncaster Mr. Robertson occupied the carriage window, and got the two

pose at Toulon. It was then taken to pieces and sent to Jaffa, whence it was conveyed to the Dead Sea on the backs of camels. The Arabs in the neighbourhood, struck with amazement at the sight of this tiny vessel moving along the waters in a way inexplicable to them, firmly believe that it is a chaoston (demon) which has risen from the bottom of the accursed lake of Sodom.



THE NEAPOLITAN GARRISON LEAVING NAPLES. (See page 691.)

## SIR ROWLAND HILL.

THE retirement of Sir Rowland Hill from the Secretaryship of the General Post-office affords us an opportunity of giving a portrait of one who has probably rendered more service to the country and the people at large than any one living. Sir Rowland Hill is one of the family of Thomas Hill, a schoolmaster of Birmingham, all of whose sons have attained distinction in their several professions.

After passing his early life in assisting his father in the duties of the school, Mr. Rowland Hill came to London, where the first appointment we find him holding was that of Secretary to the Colonization Commissioners; and it was still in that situation that, in the year 1836, he wrote and published his celebrated pamphlet on Post-office organization and improvement, which was the foundation of those extraordinary changes in postal matters which have since taken place. Government, pressed upon by the London merchants, named a committee to inquire into the feasibility of Mr. Hill's plans, he himself giving evidence before them. The commissioners at first recommended that the scheme of the penny postage should at first be tried for the London district only; but, eventually, Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was compelled to give way, and the plan, in its present integrity, so far as the amount of postage is concerned, was adopted. In September, 1839, Mr. Hill was appointed by Lord Melbourne's Government to carry out his scheme of penny postage, with a certain engagement for two years. Just as the two years were about to expire the Whigs were thrown out of office, but before they actually resigned they extended the term of Mr. Hill's employment for one year more. In September, 1842, Mr. Hill quitted the Treasury, the Peel Government declining his further services; and, in 1843, a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire into the alleged opposition to his schemes from the various heads of the post department. In a very short time he was elected chairman of the Brighton Railway, and, while acting in this capacity, he carried out many valuable improvements; among others, the introduction of "excursion tickets" is due to him.

In December, 1846, he returned to the Post-office, as secretary to the Postmaster-General, holding divided authority with Colonel Maberly; but, on the transfer of the latter gentleman to the audit office, in 1854, Mr. Hill was appointed secretary to the Post-office, and his retirement from that office is now a source of regret. The public long since appreciated his services by a public subscription, while the title of "Sir" has been added to his name, but it is still to be seen what Government will do in further rewarding Sir Rowland for his great services. During the whole of his office he has continued his arduous exertions in perfecting the postal system, besides other measures of incalculable interest to the general public. We perceive that the question of remuneration has already been brought before the House of Commons, and we trust, when the question is fully discussed, and the whole of the service rendered by Sir Rowland is fully made known, that the reward to this great public benefactor will be commensurate with his deeds.

THE other evening the Earl of Derby once more took his seat in that assembly which was the scene of his early and brilliant

triumphs. Of course the reader will say he sat under the gallery or in the gallery which is called that of the Peers. No such thing. His lordship sat in the House of Commons itself and among members of the Commons. We must explain an incident so curious, and, probably, unprecedented. Mr. Gladstone's Budgets raise curiosity and attract large audiences, and it happened that when Lord Derby came down to the house he found no vacant space either in the Peers' gallery or in the seats where Peers are allowed to sit below it; and so, not willing to be disappointed, he took a seat in the side gallery of the house itself, and on the left of the Speaker's chair, from which he could best hear Mr. Gladstone.

The vacant Garter will be bestowed upon his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

tax he took off one penny, as a step towards reaching what he called its legal minimum of 5d. in the pound. He proposed to reduce the fire insurance duty only in the case of insurances on stock in trade. That he would reduce by one half, or from 3s. to 1s. 6d. These reductions would absorb £2,332,000, leaving a margin of £238,000, which he did not think it right further to reduce.

THE Yorkshire assizes closed on Wednesday. One hundred and thirty-five prisoners have been tried at them, and ten of these, found guilty of having committed robberies with violence, have each been sentenced to receive thirty lashes in addition to various terms of imprisonment.



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

## BIRD-SHOOTING IN VALENCIA.

We give below an engraving illustrative of bird-shooting in Spain—a sport of which the Spaniards are very fond. It is especially a favourite amusement in the great plain of Valencia, which is watered by the Guadalquivir, Turia, and Xucar. In summer the banks of these rivers, which are exhausted partly by drought and partly by the canals formed for irrigating the rice grounds, are particularly well adapted for this exciting pastime. The sportsmen arrange themselves in a circle, in the midst of which are the birds in wooden cages. The birds are liberated, but very few are allowed to escape beyond a certain distance. For each shot fired a small sum is charged. The sport commences by shooting pigeons; but before it terminates, and after those engaged have had some practice, other birds are introduced.

## PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his annual budget. He occupied three hours in making his statement, but the substance may be shortly stated. The surplus for the year after all deductions was £2,352,000. There had been a liquidation of the capital of the debt within the year of £3,360,000, leaving a burden of £791,575,000 still upon the country. With regard to the amounts for the current year, he estimated that there would be, at the present rate of taxation, a surplus of £2,570,000 over the estimated expenditure. It was this surplus that he had to dispose of in the reduction of taxes. He proposed to dispose of it as follows:—In the first place, he would alter the duty on corn from 1s. a quarter to 3d. a cwt.; but this would not involve a loss to the revenue. He would reduce the license duty on the sale of tea from 11s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. where the sale took place in small houses and in country districts; equalize the duties now payable on ecclesiastical benefices of a certain amount, but diminishing as the value of the benefice fell below that sum; reduce the stamp duty on proxy voting papers from 6d. to 1d.; reduce the duties on powers of attorney for receipt of dividends, and make a change in the stamp duties on settlements; legalise the at present illegal practice of marine re-insurance on paying a shilling stamp, and extend the licences of beersellers to some privileges now enjoyed by publicans. These minor changes would cost about £10,000. He did not propose to equalise the various classes of sugars; he rather added another to the number, but he reduced them all about 2s. per cwt on the higher classes, and about 2s. per cwt on the lowest. From the income-



BIRD-SHOOTING IN VALENCIA.

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A Complete Play for One Halfpenny.  
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The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson very justly observed that "Shakspere had long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." His name has become immortal; and his works, as they have descended from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission. The secret of this marvellous success is that Shakspere is, above all others, the poet of nature, ever holding up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. He has, moreover, united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the development of their plot, sometimes produce gravity and sadness, and sometimes merriment and laughter.  
Thus throughout all time, must the popularity of Shakspere endure; and the fame of the Bard of Avon will go down to the latest posterity. At this present moment, especially, is the image of the poet in every mind, and his name upon every tongue. The month of April marks the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. The event is to be celebrated in divers ways in different places;—but it would appear as if the most becoming and suitable method of commemoration in this case would be the placing of the poet's works within the reach of the great masses of the population.  
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In fulfilment of this design the Public are respectfully informed that on Wednesday, April 13, the First Number was ready for delivery, Price One Penny. It consists of sixty-four pages of letter-press, and two engravings, and contains

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HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated, in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as Shakspere stands at the head of one school, so does Hogarth occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating the familiar scenes of life.

These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the immediate publication of a

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London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
16	S	Secession of Virginia, 1861	9 40 10 17
17	S	Third Sunday after Easter	10 53 11 27
18	M	Tantoo hung, 1859	11 57 0 0
19	T	Lord Byron died, 1824	0 21 0 42
20	W	Louis Napoleon born, 1808	1 1 19
21	T	O Cromwell declared Protector, 1653	1 38 1 54
22	F	Wordsworth died, 1850	2 12 2 28

Moon's change—Full Moon, 22nd, 19m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Deut. 4; Acta 14. Deut. 5; 1 St. Peter 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address  
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

To Our Subscribers.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post may remit a subscription of 8s. 8d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

FOR LONDON.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsmen, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

G. D. D.—An ordinary case of divorce costs about £50. You have good grounds for applying to the court. Consult Mr. William Eaden, the solicitor, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square.

G. C.—Midshipmen in the merchant service do not receive any pay until they have been several voyages and attained the rank of mate. They have to pay a premium for each of the first three or four voyages. There is no raise in respect to age at the time of their admission; but twenty-one is rather too old to begin

P. E.—It is Mr. Eaden, the solicitor, who is employed to discover the heir to the property. You had better communicate with him at once. Send him full particulars of your claim. We believe that there are three or four other claimants already. It seems, from what we have heard, that you have rightly described the property.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

MONDAY witnessed one of those extraordinary spectacles which show that under the thick crust with which natural seriousness and the habits of a material age have overlaid the character of Englishmen there burn the fires of an enthusiasm as strong as animates any nation on earth. For hours together three miles of the streets of this capital were occupied by an enormous multitude, eager to catch a glance or hear a word from a poor proscribed foreigner—a man whose legal status in his own country is merely that of a pardoned rebel, and who enjoys neither the birth, nor the titles, nor the power which are generally the objects of popular admiration. When half a million of people came out to see Joseph Garibaldi they knew they were to look upon one who was neither a prince nor a favourite of princes. There does, indeed, lie deep in the English heart an admiration for the hereditary great ones of the earth. The sympathy of the multitude is for the independence of Italy, but no mere desire to congratulate the new kingdom would have brought together these myriads of human beings. It required a character like that of Garibaldi, with all its manliness and simplicity, its courage, its clear knowledge of the Italian people and consequent political foresight, joined with a fervid enthusiasm which does not allow the calculation of chances—it required the living man to rouse the undemonstrative English people to such a display as that of Monday. And truly it was a wonderful gathering. It is difficult to form an estimate of crowds, but certainly that which assembled on Monday seemed more dense than the one which welcomed the Princess Alexandra into London. From every part of the metropolis and its suburbs the children of toil had made holiday and come out to receive a man whom they considered their especial hero.

LORD PALMERSTON has still life and vigour in him, and he possesses more of the public confidence than any other living statesman. He will scarcely, we think, be disturbed in his seat by any party effort to throw him out of it. The first great occasion of a change will occur whenever his health shall fail him. Until then if the Liberal Administration shall break down, its fall will arise from internal, not from external causes. But, unquestionably, whenever the Premier can guide the vessel of the State no longer, a grave and solemn question will arise—"Who is to succeed him?" The departure of three prominent members of his Cabinet—Lord Herbert, Sir George Lewis, and now the Duke of Newcastle—clearly narrows the choice of a successor. Only three public men of Liberal politics suggest themselves as likely to be thought of. These are Lord Russell, Lord Granville, and Mr. Gladstone. Is there any probability of success attaching to either of these names? We think not. Lord Russell has already broken down as Premier in 1852, after beginning with a favourable House of Commons. Lord Granville is an agreeable and popular man, but people hardly recognise him any claim to the rank of a statesman. Mr. Gladstone has talent in abundance, but he can never lead and carry with him a divided House of Commons. Thus it becomes tolerably clear that, to form a new Liberal Cabinet, whenever Lord Palmerston's withdrawal shall break up the present one, will be

a task by no means easy. All these circumstances are well understood in the Conservative coteries. They press on and gain every seat which it is possible to gain, not in order to drive Lord Palmerston from office, but to render the formation of a new Cabinet of Liberal statesmen an impossibility. And this policy—it is useless to deny it—bids fair to succeed. It may be frustrated by circumstances—a war may spring up which, as in 1853, may disorganise two or three Administrations. A severe attack of gout may lay Lord Derby permanently aside. The whole aspect of politics in 1865 may differ greatly from that of 1864. All these possibilities should be borne in mind. But still, looking at things as they now are, and calculating merely from existing data, we cannot help recognising the sagacity of the Conservative plan, and the probability of its ultimate success. Even those who anticipate no deadly assault on the present Government must not forget that, both in 1852 and in 1858, the overthrow of the two Liberal Cabinets of those years arose, not from any well-matured plan of the Opposition, but from casual and unexpected circumstances. Such incidents as these abound in English history, but, like earthquakes or pestilences, are not to be foreseen or anticipated.

WELCOME TO GARIBALDI.

WRITTEN BY WATKIN WILLIAMS.

Recitative:—

On Aspomonte's plains wounded hero fell:  
His name rang o'er the world.  
All danger he despairs. He loved his country well.

The hero's now come o'er  
To England's fertile shore  
Let's give the hero welcome,  
Such as he ne'er had before.

Air—"Up with the Standard of England,"

Let's give Garibaldi a welcome—

As welcome from hearts beating high:

Let's show that to England he's welcome,

As many hearts echo the cry:—

Garibaldi, the foe to the tyrant!

Garibaldi, the friend of the free!

Garibaldi, for freedom aspirant!

Garibaldi, a welcome to thee!

On Liberty's side ever fighting,

What deeds Garibaldi has done!

More tyrants the dust may be biting,

Ere he's through his noble work run.

On many a battle-plain gory,

He fought to set Italy free;

Let England shout out in her glory,

Garibaldi, a welcome to thee!

For himself he's not seeking ambition—

On others the honour may rest.

He seeks but to raise the condition

Of those who're by tyrants oppress'd.

Petty despots would goad him to madness,

With base deed, like Aspomonte,

But England will shout in her gladness,

Garibaldi, a welcome to thee!

Then let every Briton be hailing

The patriot now on our shore:

England must never be failing

To honour the man we adore.

Let's hope from his wound he'll recover—

Again draw his sword for the free—

We've only one shout, and none other,

Garibaldi, a welcome to thee!

ILL-TREATMENT OF ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN SICILY.—A Palermo paper contains the following letter, dated Alcamo, March 15, referring to the gross ill-treatment by Italian soldiers of some English travellers. We learn from a gentleman lately returned from Sicily that the statement therein given is perfectly true:— "Yesterday (the 14th of March), at 4 p.m., two vehicles with English travellers, including a young lady and her maid, arrived at Alcamo. They put up at an inn, leaving the carriages at the door in charge of Giuseppe Pampalone, a person who had the confidence of the innkeeper. At about one o'clock in the morning three sub-officers, who had hitherto left their barracks, and were wandering about the streets, found this Pampalone in charge of the carriages. It appears that they suspected him, and, not being satisfied with the good reasons he gave to justify his being out at that late hour, began beating him with their swords so unmercifully that the poor fellow endeavoured to escape from them by running away; but he was stopped a few paces off by a military patrol, who fired a shot at him, and maltreated him worse than before. At this moment Charles Phipps, of Liverpool, student, and Christian Jackson, an officer of artillery, hearing the cries, came out into the balcony of the inn, and, seeing a man being maltreated, went down to try to induce his assailants to desist from beating him. The human interference of these gentlemen in the affair was taken as a serious opportunity. A soldier rushed upon Jackson, who was the first to speak, and gave him a blow on the head with his sword. Others at the same moment raised their muskets and fired three shots at them, which fortunately did no harm. All the soldiers then, ferociously maltreated the strangers by striking them with their swords, till they were black and blue, besides wounding them in several places with their bayonets. And this is not all. Using the foulest language, the soldiers went up into the rooms of the travellers, and made them undress to see if they had any concealed arms about them. Even the young lady did not escape their indecent scrutiny. The two Englishmen were arrested, and conducted to the barracks of the Carabiniers. Pampalone was set at liberty." Malta Times, March 31.

THE STRATFORD COMMITTEE are in a dilemma. The palpable insult offered to Mr. Phelps is now made more apparent. It appears that after Mr. Phelps had expressed himself willing to do his utmost in support of the Stratford committee, by performing on the occasion of the Shaksperian tercentenary, Mr. Fechter had the drawing up of the preliminary programme, and, as a matter of course, cast himself for the best character—that of Hamlet, while Mr. Phelps was not consulted as to the part he would sustain. That the latter should feel indignant we are not surprised, and more so now when we hear that "Hamlet" was to have been produced according to Mr. Fechter's own modern reading, which, with this gentleman's French pronunciation, would, we imagine, not accord with the taste of a Stratford audience, however the "novelty" might go down in London for a season. Mr. Fechter, apart from the wound in his hand, now declines, feeling himself also insulted by some resolution of the committee, or from insinuations thrown out that he had forced himself on the committee. These latter gentlemen have received a considerable sum for tickets on account of these performances. Indignant subscribers have demanded their guineas back, under the plea that they would not pay to see Hamlet sustained by a second or third rate performer. With all due respect for the undoubted talent of Mr. Fechter, there are more Hamlets than one at the present time in London who, we think, could do equal justice to the part. Among the number we might mention Mr. G. V. Brooke, and even Miss Marriott.

## Notes of the Week.

A DREADFUL accident occurred on Saturday at the Camberwell New-road Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. For some time past a Mr. Steward, a young man about twenty years of age, promoted from the office of booking clerk, has, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Morris, the station-master, been acting for him. On Saturday week as the 11.55 a.m. passenger train from Brixton to the Elephant and Castle was entering the station on the up-land side, at a speed of about four miles an hour, Mr. Steward ran to the guard's van, and jumped upon the iron door-step. He then caught hold of the van door-handle, and endeavoured to give some directions to the guard. Before he could do so, however, the speed at which the train was going compelled him to swing round, and he was thrown backwards on the buffers of the guard's van and those of a second-class carriage behind it, the violence of the shock wrenching the door-handle from his grasp. He fell from the buffers under the wheels of the second-class carriage. Both wheels passed over his body, and the carriage itself was thrown off the metals to the gravel. The train instantly stopped, and the body of Mr. Steward was lifted by the railway porters on to the platform. A doctor was immediately sent for, but when he arrived he pronounced life to be extinct. A shell was procured, and the body was removed to a neighbouring tavern.

On Saturday notices were served upon the metropolitan bankers, bullion dealers, &c., at the instigation of the Salvage Association, Lloyd's, offering £3,000 reward for such information as may lead to the recovery of sixty-eight bars and eleven boxes of gold, valued at £50,000, stolen from the treasure in the sunken steamer Golden Gate, off Manzanillo, near San Francisco. The Golden Gate, an American steamer, was wrecked in July, 1862, when a great loss of life took place. The total amount of gold and specie on board was about £150,000, consigned to several firms in New York, London, and Paris, and the whole of it was insured. The underwriters despatched a special agent to the scene of the wreck, and a large amount of the gold was recovered, but owing to the dangerous character of the currents and climate, a great many lives were lost in the enterprise. One party succeeded in recovering the property in question, and immediately decamped with it. One of the party has been arrested. It is believed that most of the gold has already arrived in London, and that other consignments are expected.

## General News.

THE proprietor of the hotel at Malta where Garibaldi and his suite put up refused to receive any remuneration, declaring that he left only too proud to have had such an illustrious man as the general for his guest. At the instance of Colonel Chambers, however, he was compelled to accept payment of his bill.

The *Armonia* says:—"Among the cardinals, bishops, and other personages of distinction, who served the pilgrims at Rome on Maundy Thursday, in the repast commemorating the Passion, was the Portuguese ambassador, who, girt with a white apron, placed the soup on the table."

The power of the penny is well illustrated in the accounts of the Kirkhead ferries. In the year ending March 31, their returns were nearly £36,000, and their profits above £13,000.

ACCORDING to a statistical account of the religious belief of the Sovereigns of Europe, out of the forty-three now reigning, seventeen belong to the Lutheran creed, eight Evangelical four Calvinist, one Greek, one Mussulman, one Episcopal, and eleven Catholic.—*Galignani*.

A MEMORIAL has been presented from certain of the inhabitants of St. Mary's parish, Islington, to Sir George Grey, on the subject of the proposed dog-show at the Islington Agricultural Hall. The memorialists complain that during nine days and nights in May, 1863, they and their families were subjected to the annoyance arising from the incessant barking and howling of the couple of thousand dogs confined in the building; and they are consequently much alarmed at the announcement that a similar annoyance is likely to be inflicted upon them in May next. Sir George Grey has informed the memorialists that, although granting their case to be a hard one, he cannot interfere. He, however, recommends them to apply for an injunction to the Court of Chancery.

## The Court.

The Prince has been engaged at Sandringham in giving directions for improvements to be carried out, which, when completed, will render it a model estate in the full sense of the term. It will be gratifying to those interested in the improvement of the cottages in which the labouring classes dwell to know that his royal highness is setting a noble example to landowners in this particular. At West Newton two very superior cottages approach completion, and during the past few days six more have been commenced by the Prince's command. Each of these cottages is very unique in appearance, being built of the native stone and bricks, with slated roof. Each has a porch at the front entrance, and there are two good rooms on the ground floor, a large pantry, and several cupboards, whilst a cooking stove is also being supplied. Above these are three commodious bedrooms, well ventilated, two of which have fire-grates. Outhouses are also provided at the back of the cottages. His royal highness is understood to be deeply anxious that the labourers on the estate should be well housed.

The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon.

Her Majesty, who had arrived at Buckingham Palace from Windsor Castle in the morning, entered the White Drawing-room at three o'clock, accompanied by His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Prince Arthur.

The Queen wore a black silk dress covered with deep black lace, and edged with jet gimp; a cap of white crape lace, in the style of the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, with opals and diamonds, and a long white crape lace veil attached to it.

Her Majesty wore the ribbon, star, and badge of the Garter, a diamond necklace and large cross containing the Prince-Consort's miniature, and a brooch composed of a large sapphire set in twelve large diamonds.

BUILDING LAND FOR THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.—The first portion of the Plough-lane Estate, Battersea, which will be laid out for the erection of nearly 300 dwelling houses and shops for the working classes, was allotted by the Conservative Land Society on the 6th instant. The price of the plots range from £47 up to £500 each. For the last specified plot, having a house thereon let at £40 per annum, there was a keen competition amongst the holders of early rights of choice, but a purchaser of No. 1 on the register at £50 premium secured the earliest selection, and bought the £500 plot. For the plot having the public-house privilege, No. 57, price £200, there was also many demands, but eventually the buyer of right 28, at a premium carried off the prize. Since the opening of Battersea-park, and the junction railway communication between the two banks of the Thames, the demand for houses in Plough-lane, owing to its proximity to the New Wandsworth and Clapham Junction Station, has been great, and quite a new town is springing up in this neighbourhood.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

Say and do what you will, you cannot persuade some people at Paris that Garibaldi's visit to England is not for some sinister purpose. No; if Garibaldi puts himself to inconvenience and goes to receive the applause of the English, a little bird whispers that "certain advances, mysterious and courteous on the part of Lord Palmerston, have inclined him to it." Garibaldi is the living impersonation of the principle of nationalities, and Lord Palmerston is the living impersonation of the English mind. His lordship is far too prudent not to have watched the progress of the new power which within a short period has gained such predominance in Europe. He has seen popular rights spreading everywhere; and as England will make no sacrifice and no concession to them, why, she does the next best thing, and feasts Garibaldi! Then, again, it is by no means improbable that the English Cabinet meant to frighten Europe a little, and even France, by persuading Garibaldi to quit his lonely isle. It, of course, knows that France is not afraid of Garibaldi; but an English minister always takes pleasure in making believe that he holds in his hand somebody, or something, hostile to her. "Without knowing accurately," says the *Nation*, "what the English Cabinet hopes to obtain from us by this strange sort of intimidation; without seeking if it means to threaten France, ever jealous on the principle of nationality, with letting the most zealous partisans of that principle loose upon us; without trying to search out the secret of a policy which we are bound to mistrust even when it is not directed against ourselves, but against Austria, we cannot but deplore the blind condescension of Garibaldi, who is made the instrument of these pernicious machinations. There is in that hero an amount of simplicity which will end by ruining him. He has at heart a noble passion, the instinct of which he ought to follow by bestowing his friendship and his confidence only on the true friends of Italy; on those who have made sacrifices for her, without which Garibaldi would not be what he is."

The forebodings of the Parisian press on the position of the English Cabinet have subsided since the retirement of Mr. Stanfeld, who is regarded as a second Jonas flung overboard to save the ship from going down. The *Temps* considers that a still better mode has been found to restore to the Cabinet the popularity which had been somewhat damaged by the protection accorded to him—namely, Mr. Gladstone's budget.

## MEXICO.

The Archduke Maximilian received the Mexican deputation on Sunday. He spoke as follows:—

"After a mature examination of the act of acceptance of the Mexican crown, which you have submitted to me, I have come to the conviction that the resolution of the Mexican nobles has been confirmed by an over-ruled majority of the inhabitants of that country. Such being the case, the first of the conditions for which I stipulated on the 3rd of October has been fulfilled. The second condition that a guarantee of the independence and welfare of the country should be placed on a firm basis, has been secured by the Emperor Napoleon, who throughout has been animated by a spirit of sincerity and kindness which I shall never forget. The illustrious head of my family has also given his consent. I now solemnly declare my acceptance of the crown you have offered to me. Mexico is entitled to select a Government corresponding to her wishes and her requirements. This confidence shall not be misplaced. I assume the constitutional power entrusted to me by the nation. I will retain it so long as it may be necessary to establish a state of legal order, and completely to organize liberal institutions. I shall hasten to place the monarchy under the authority of constitutional laws as soon as the pacification of the country shall be accomplished. Executive power strictly defined is better secured than when a matter of uncertainty; and I will define it in such a manner as shall be a guarantee of the stability of the Government. I hope to be enabled to prove that well-regulated liberty is compatible with order. I will also uphold with equal energy the flag of independence. I desire the assistance of every Mexican to support me in accomplishing my splendid task. Union will make us strong. My Government, I repeat it, will not forget the gratitude due to the illustrious prince by whom alone the regeneration of Mexico has been rendered possible. On my journey to Mexico I shall visit Rome to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, which to me is doubly important."

## SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE OF A BOAT'S CREW.

On the 22nd ult. the brig *Diana*, of Jersey, arrived at New York from Rio Janeiro, short of her captain and five of the crew. Mr. Arthur, chief officer, thus relates the circumstance of their loss:—"Feb. 8, at 7.30 a.m., Las Rocas bearing west by south, distant ten miles, saw a wreck on the rocks. Captain Touzel made up his mind to go and see what it was. At ten a.m. anchored to the westward of the Rocas, got the two boats out and proceeded on shore; went up to the wreck, which was named Glentanner, of London, and began to work about it till 6 p.m.; loaded the two boats and proceeded for the brig. I, being in the gig, did not find it prudent to venture on passing through the heavy breakers that continually beat upon those rocks. The captain (Touzel) in the jolly boat, succeeding in passing and came on board at half-past seven p.m., very anxious to know what had become of me and my boat's crew. We remained on the beach all night. At five a.m., being high water, we launched the boat into the sea, and succeeded in getting on board. At half-past six a.m., we set off again for the wreck, and succeeded in getting on board. On Friday, 12th, the captain (Touzel), second mate, and three of the crew went in the jolly boat to fetch the remainder of the tools they had left on the wreck, the captain having given me orders to get everything ready for sea, and said 'We shall not stay long.' At seven p.m., being the usual hour for the boat to come on board, no boats nor anything were seen. Thinking that they had found the breakers so rough they had made up their minds to stop on shore until the following morning, I got the signal lantern up, blowing at the time stiff, and heavy rain. At six a.m., Saturday the 13th instant, seeing no boat nor any sign of any of them, I got the gig out with four hands, took a musket and spy-glass, and pulled for the shore; went close in, but finding the sea breaking tremendously would not venture to land. We rowed along the rocks and beach, looking all around; fired two musket shots at different stations; went up as far as the wreck, but could see nothing off the coast. We therefore came on board, very anxious to know what had become of the poor unfortunate. At six a.m., the weather being more moderate, we set off again in the gig, she being in a very leaky state, having her two top port planks smashed. We succeeded in landing, and walked along the beach and rocks in search of them, but could see nothing. We went up to the wreck, found the tools, and everything, as I suppose, they had left the previous day; took some of the tools, and finding the tide to be rising at a speedy rate, we had no time to lose to get to the boat, having had to cross water up to our arms to get to the gig; we therefore launched the gig and went on board, hoisted her up, and could not make up anything else but that the boat and crew it contained had capsized or come across a heavy sea in landing where the unfortunate persons found their last end. On Monday, 15th, seeing no use in waiting any longer, weighed anchor with the remainder of the crew (seven in all), made sail, and proceeded for our destined port."

## ALLEGED HORRIBLE MURDER BY CHILD BURNING IN ESSEX.

HARRIET DEVENISH, a married woman, thirty-five years of age, was placed at the bar before a full bench of magistrates, sitting in the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, and charged by Superintendent May with having, on the 12th of March, wilfully murdered her newborn child. The prisoner was further charged with having concealed the birth of the said child. Mr. Jones, solicitor, watched the case on behalf of the prisoner. The court was crowded with females.

The prisoner, a florid-looking woman, of respectable appearance, was the wife of a gardener, living at Broomfield, Essex. The peculiarly horrible nature of the crime charged against her, that of burning her child, has caused a great sensation in the locality.

The first witness called was

Mrs. Mary Harris, who said that she lived at Broomfield, and had known the prisoner for many years. Her (prisoner's) husband was William Devenish, gardener, and she was married two or three years ago. She had no children living. On Thursday evening, the 10th of last month, her husband came to witness and asked her to come to the prisoner, who was, he said, very poorly. Witness did so, and remained an hour and a half. Prisoner was in bed, undressed. She said she was "nicely." Witness asked her if her labour was coming on, and she replied, "Oh, that is all over; it was a mishap." She did not appear willing to give any information about it. Witness only stopped until about nine o'clock, when another woman came. Next day witness called again, and saw that the prisoner had been recently confined, or had something the matter. At first the prisoner declined to have a doctor, but afterwards she said witness might send one if she liked. Witness lit the fire and left. The prisoner was then alone, and in bed.

Mrs. Harriet Phillipson, the wife of a bricklayer, said that she lived next door to the prisoner for the last three months. There were two rooms on the ground floor of the prisoner's house. There was a door between the two rooms. The back room was the kitchen. Witness noticed that the prisoner was far advanced in the family way. About three weeks before the 10th of March she said to witness "that she hoped she would not get over her confinement, and she had nothing to live for." On the evening of the 11th witness left with Mrs. Harris. She left by the back door which led from the kitchen. There was no blind to the window. Witness had said that she would look in to take care of the fire, and about seven o'clock she returned to the kitchen door. She found it fastened. There was a peculiar and nasty smell. Witness stood on a stump and looked in through the window, over the blind. She saw Mrs. Devenish on her knees looking into the fire. There was a large fire in the grate. The smell was very bad. Witness ran next door and called Mrs. Elgee, who also looked in over the blind. Mrs. Devenish was lying motionless on the hearth over. Witness and Mrs. Elgee rapped at the window loud enough for Mrs. Devenish to hear, but she did not move. They left the window for a moment, and when they returned Mrs. Devenish was gone. They knocked, and she put her head out of the upper window. Witness said, "Oh, Mrs. Devenish, what's the matter? Won't you undo the door?" She replied, "No, I would rather not undo the door." Witness had never observed Mrs. Devenish make any preparation for an infant. Witness said that she could not describe the peculiar smell she noticed. She had never smelt the like before. The fire was large, and was "snapping, as if wood or something was in it."

Mrs. Sarah Elgee, landlady of the prisoner, corroborated this statement.

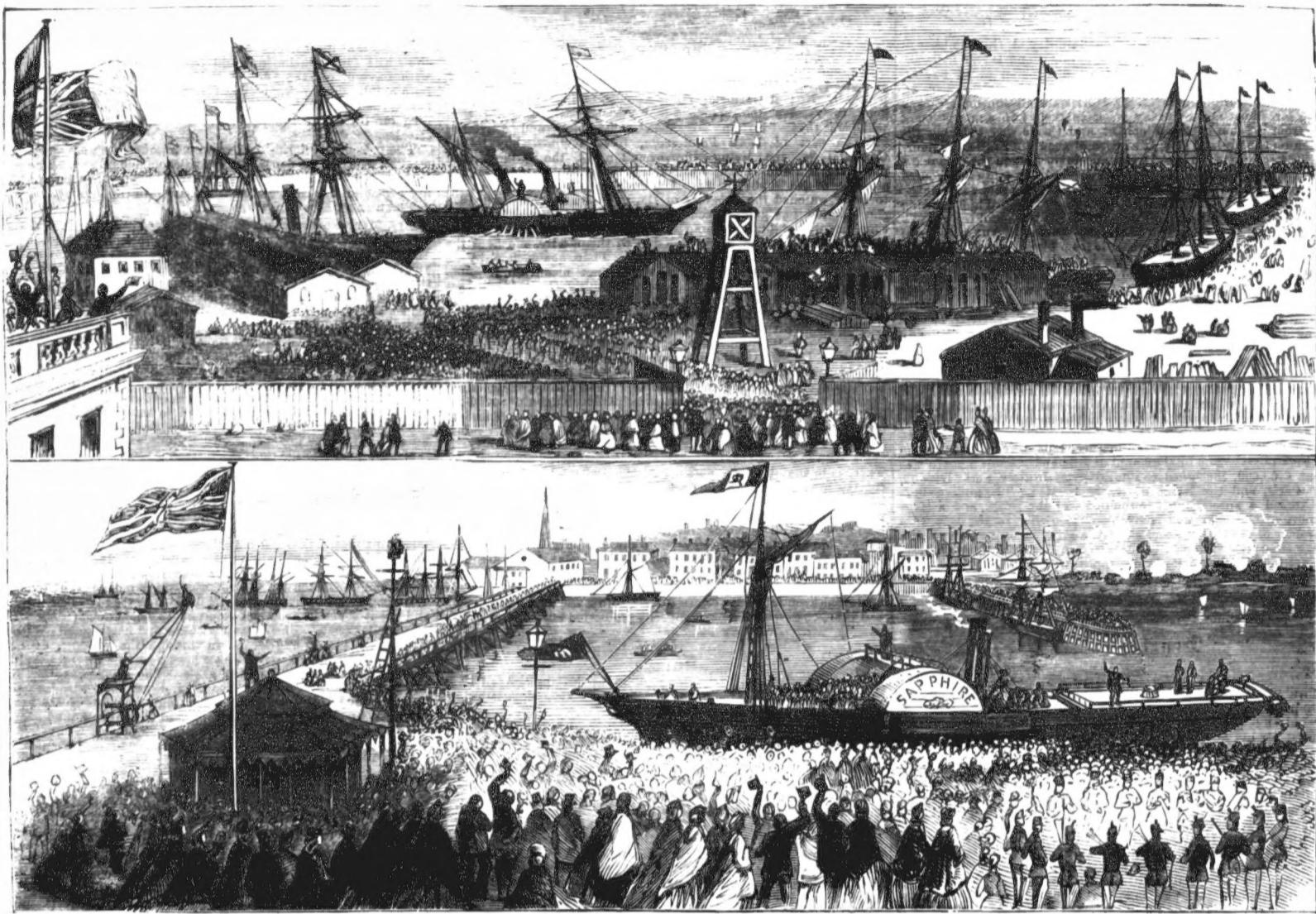
Inspector J. Simpson said that he accompanied Superintendent May to the prisoner's house on the night of the 11th of March. The fire in the kitchen was very bright. He noticed that fat had run down the front of the grate. He noticed under the grate a quantity of bones. He picked out the largest and handed them to Mr. Wheeler, surgeon. He got the smaller bones afterwards. There was a pan containing fat on the side of the grate.

Mr. May, superintendent of police, said that at nine o'clock on the night of the 11th of March he went to the house of the prisoner, accompanied by last witness. He found her on the bed upstairs, partly dressed. He said, "Mrs. Devenish, rumour has brought me here. It is said you have been confined. If so, where is the body?" She said, "Nothing of the kind; I have not been confined." She said something had happened, and that she had not had a doctor, but had sent for Mr. Wheeler. Witness drove to Chelmsford for that surgeon, and he afterwards saw the burnt bones got from the fireplace. Witness took possession of the whole of the ashes containing burnt bones, and also of the frying-pan and its contents. He arrested Mrs. Devenish on a warrant.

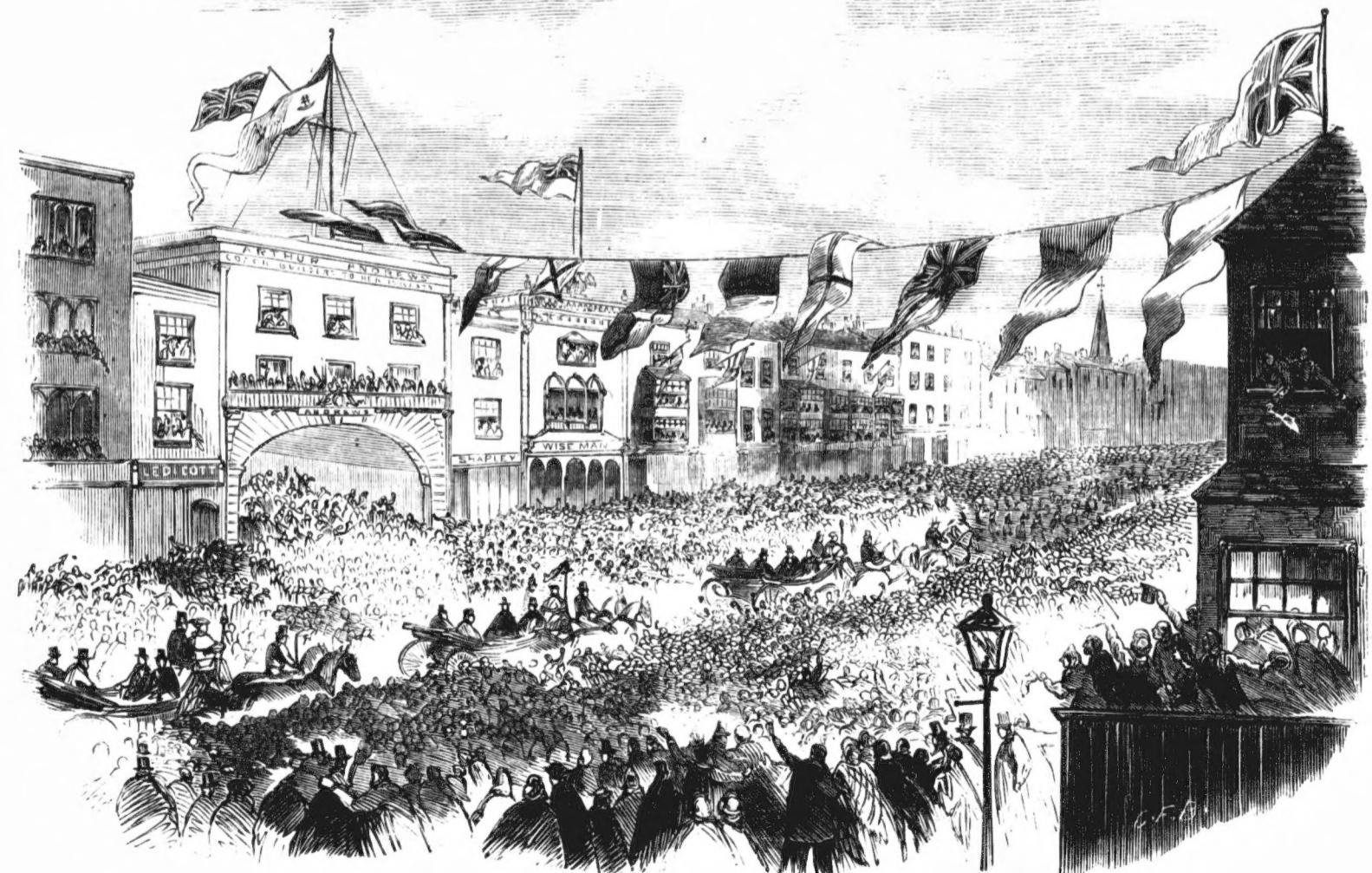
Mr. D. Wheeler, surgeon, said that on Friday, the 11th of March, Superintendent May took him to the prisoner's house about ten at night. He was shown bones in the ashes under the grate. He examined them, and found they were the bones of a child. They were those of a child fully developed or nearly so. He went up to Mrs. Devenish, who, in answer to questions, said she had had a miscarriage. He examined her, and found evidence of recent delivery at full period. There was not proof of miscarriage, but the contrary. He had since carefully examined the bones handed to him by the police. They were calcined. He found the thigh bone, the upper arm, portions of the spine, some of the ribs, nine of the teeth, fragments of the skull and of the collar-bones. There were fragments of other bones, but not such as could be identified. He had attended the prisoner while in gaol. The usual signs after ordinary delivery were present. He examined her which showed that a child had been born, but he could not form an opinion as to whether the child had been born alive or not.

Other evidence having been taken, Mr. Jones asked whether the charge of murder or that of concealment of birth was to be preferred with. After a short consultation, the bench said that the charge that they would proceed with was that of concealment of birth. Mr. Jones said he should advise his client to reserve her defence. The prisoner was then committed for trial at the next assizes.

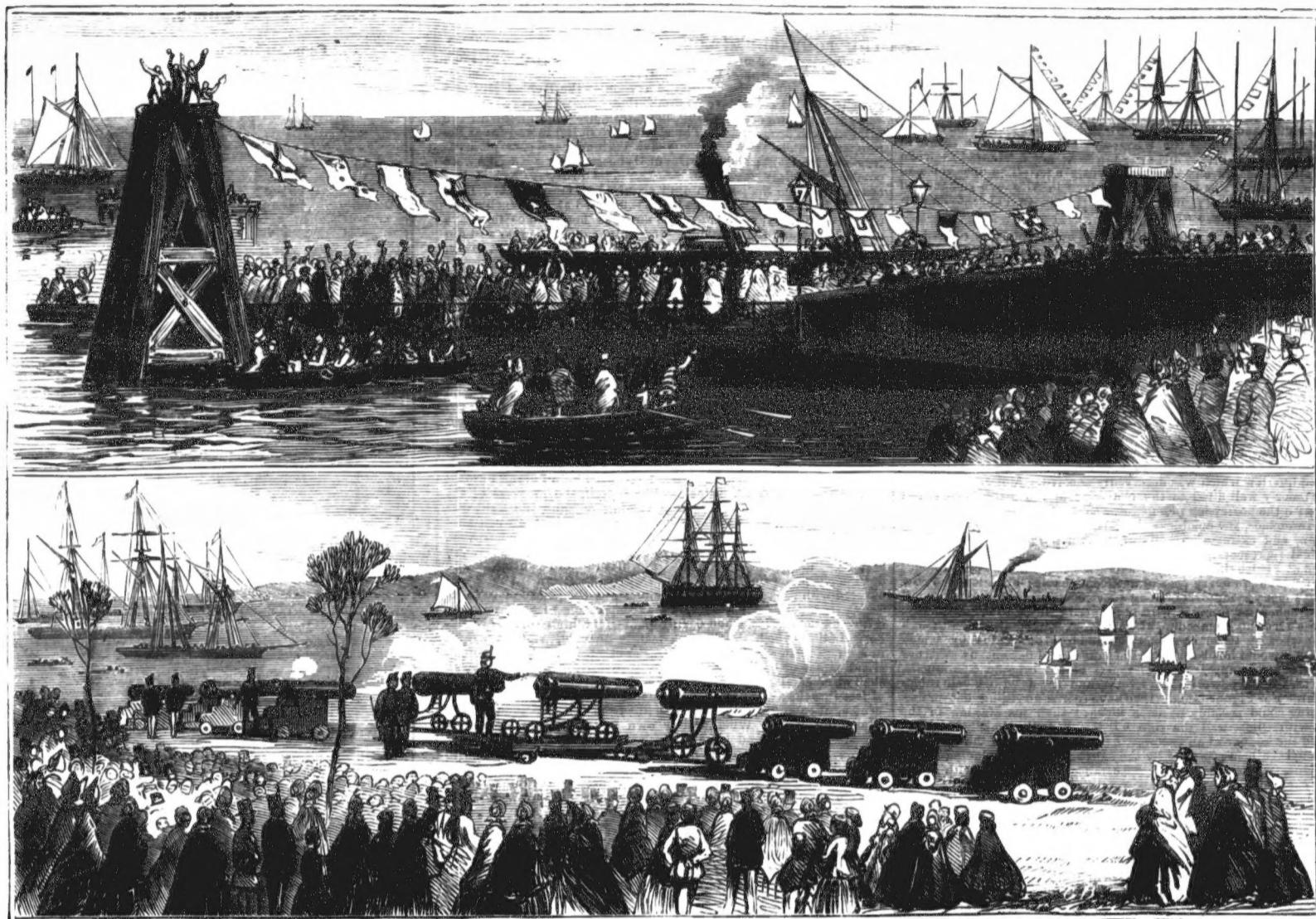
JAPANESE VIEW OF THE ENGLISH.—The following, extracted from the work published as to the recent visit of the Japanese ambassadors, may be interesting to our readers:—"They, the Western barbarians, who have lately destroyed our town, we visited. The men are red-faced and fond of eating, and the low men (we think) eat raw meat, of which lumps are exhibited, much to our disgust. These people are very expert in iron; copies of their works our artists have drawn. Their buyers and sellers (? merchants) are not allowed to do any other work, and therefore, being somewhat ignorant, principally talk of business. The nobles (Daimios) buy their wives from the merchants, who train (sic) their daughters for that purpose. We think them great barbarians! The women wear frames to keep away men during the summer, when they are amorous. Some are pretty, but their eyes are large and close together; their feet are large and clumsy, and they have big legs. These women sing loud and roll their eyes, keeping time with motions of their heads. When they meet the men in the evening they are but partly dressed. These people made us sick with eating and drinking. The carriages in the streets try to knock down the people on foot, especially the women, to amuse the drivers. Their Government houses, where the Daimios meet to talk and sleep, are well built, and equal to a first-class tea-house; the women are kept there in a cage. These people looked at us much. The women are allowed to run about without keepers, playing with umbrellas (parasols). They are the greatest barbarians in the West."



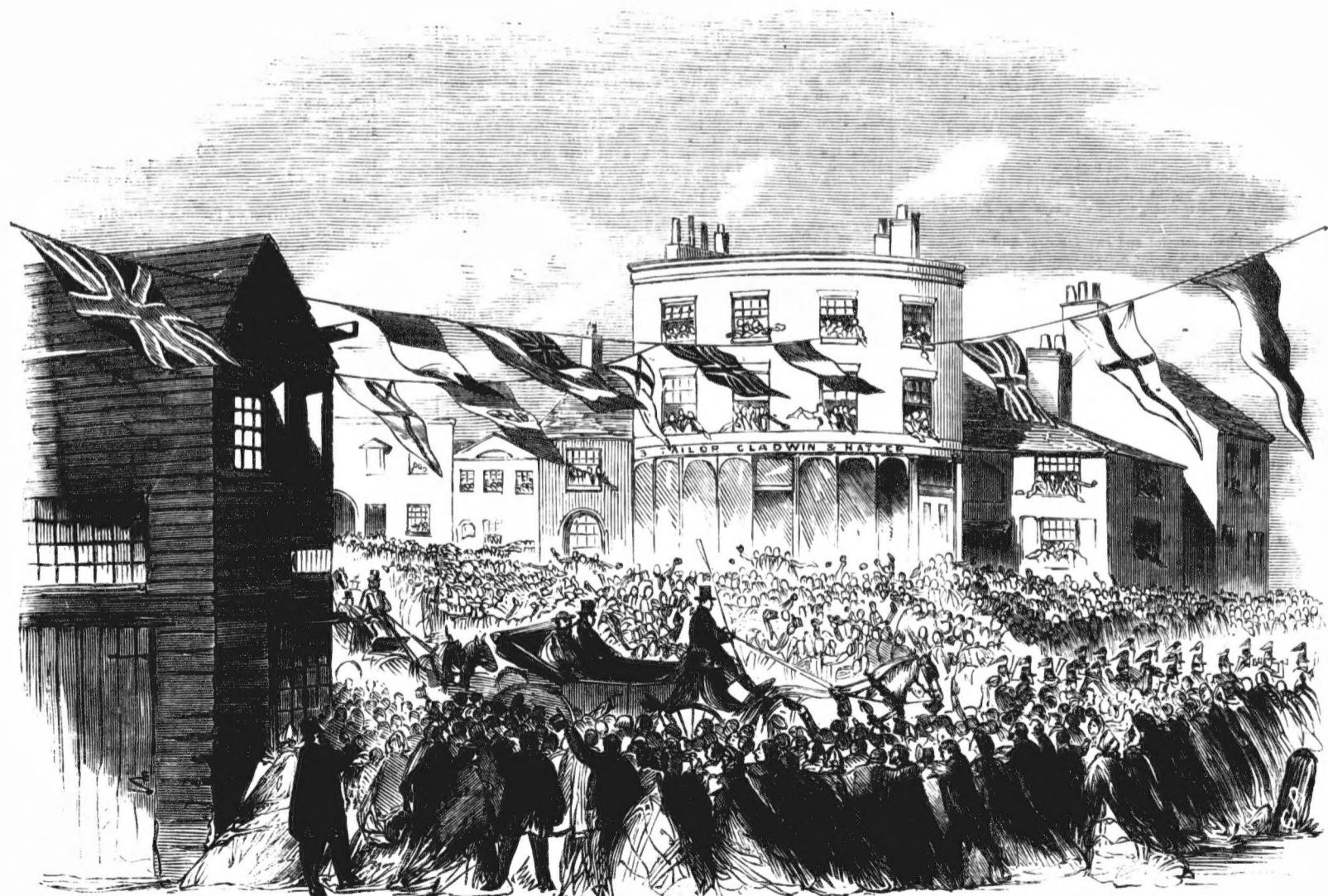
ARRIVAL OF THE RIPPON AT SOUTHAMPTON.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCKS AND LANDING OF GARIBALDI.  
SCENE AT THE GRAND PIER.—EMBARKATION OF GARIBALDI ON BOARD THE SAPPHIRE FOR THE ISLE OF WIGHT. (See page 690.)



GRAND PROCESSION OF GARIBALDI AND STAFF GOING TO THE TOWN HALL, SOUTHAMPTON. (See page 690.)



ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI AT WEST COWES, AT THE LANDING PIER.  
THE BATTERY AT SOUTHAMPTON SALUTING THE SAPPHIRE. (See page 690.)



SHOOTER'S HILL, WEST COWES.—THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO BROOKE HOUSE. (See page 690.)

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—"La Favorita" was revived on Saturday evening for the first appearance of Madie. Lagrue as Leonora. This highly accomplished prima donna, whose intellectual impersonation of Norma has deeply impressed the most fanatic admirers of Madame Grisi, increased their high opinion of her vocal ability and striking histrionic talent. Signor Mario's chivalrous demeanour throughout the opera, and especially in the scene in which Fernando breaks his sword, was as much admired as when he last played the character some years ago. The fine voice of Signor Graziani was heard to advantage in Alfons's romance of "Fourtant d'amour;" and Signor Attri was an efficient Baldassare. The house was well filled.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The season was opened on Saturday night with a very satisfactory performance of "Rigoletto." The cast of the opera was entirely new. It included Signor Ginglai, who, for the first time in England, assumed the character of the Duke of Mantua. The Gilda of the evening was a Madie Giuseppina Vitali, who comes from Bologna, and who produced a decidedly favourable impression. She has a bright, clear, soprano voice, of no great power, but of very agreeable quality, and remarkably even and equal throughout its extended compass. The extreme youth of the *debutante*, and her quiet unassuming demeanour, at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience in her favour. Her first scene, in which the Duke, under the disguise of a student, protests his affection for Gilda, sufficed to prove that Madie. Vitali is a highly accomplished, if not a perfectly finished vocal artist. In the scene where the betrayed girl tells her father the sad story of her shame, Madie. Vitali displayed considerable pathos, and she sang with admirable steadiness and unexpected force in the celebrated quartet, which was deservedly encored. Madie. Bettelheim is eminently well fitted to the character of the gipsy Maddalena; for, with the possession of a genuine contralto voice, of great power and resonance, she combined the advantages of a very handsome person, and extreme vivacity of manner. Signor Varese was the original representative of Rigoletto, when the opera was first produced at Venice thirteen years ago. At that time his performance was, no doubt, in every respect unexceptionable; but his voice now betrays many symptoms of long service, and, perhaps as a natural consequence, he forces it with much peril to intonation and quality. Varese's histrionic embodiment was throughout admirable, although not marked by those characteristic touches of genius by which Signor Ronconi has been wont to astonish and delight us. Signor Gasperoni, who appeared in the part of the brigand Sparafucile, possesses a fine powerful bass voice, and acted with much rough vigour. For Signor Ginglai we have scarce anything but praise. Nothing could possibly be more finished than his singing in the duet with Gilda, and the solo, "E il sol dell'anima," which received the honour of an encore. At the conclusion of the opera the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, including Madie. Tietjens, whose unexpected appearance was hailed with long-continued applause. The solos were sung by her and Madie. Bettelheim, who surprised the audience by her distinct and emphatic declamation of the English words. This evening (Saturday) Madie. Tietjens will make her formal *debut*.

**DRURY LANE.**—The elaborate revival of "Henry the Fourth" is now brought into the middle of the programme, by prefacing the Shaksperian play with the farce of "Magic Toys," and closing the entertainments with "My Heart in the Highlands." The exciting scene of the Shrewsbury battle-field continues to call forth the utmost enthusiasm of the audience.

**HAYMARKE.**—The final nights of Lord Dundreary are announced, as "Our American Cousin" will have to be displaced to permit the production of a new comedy by Mr. T. W. Robertson, in which Mr. Sothern will personate David Garrick, the greatest actor of the last century. A Shaksperian play will be represented on Saturday, April 23rd, and the new comedy will be produced on the Saturday following. The new extravaganza of "Venus and Adonis" forms a very lively after-piece.

**PRINCESS'S.**—"Paul's Return," and "The Comedy of Errors," with the new farce of "Drawing-room, Second Floor, and Attics," still draw crowded audiences. The young French actress, Madie. Stella Colas, who made such a favourable *debut* on these boards last summer as Juliet, has returned from her engagement at St. Petersburg, and will soon appear before the London public in a Shaksperian character.

**LYCEUM.**—Mr. Fechter has not performed since he appeared in aid of the Sheffield catastrophe, and will not for some time, as he is now seriously suffering from the wound in his hand inflicted by his late accident. Mr. George Jordan plays Mr. Fechter's part most admirably.

**SURREY.**—The successful and exciting drama of "Ashore and Afloat" has been withdrawn for a short time, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Shepherd. "The Scottish Chief" has been substituted, Mr. J. Anderson sustaining the part of the hero.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mr. G. V. Brooke has appeared during the past week in "Love's Sacrifice," "Othello," and "Richelieu," affording another opportunity for the admirers of the legitimate drama to appreciate the histrionic talent displayed by this great tragedian, in conjunction with Mr. David H. Jones, Miss Marriott, and the other members of the Sadler's Wells company.

**STANDARD.**—The British opera company, recently performing at Sadler's Wells, have commenced a short season at this establishment.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Princess Louis, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Hon. Miss Lascelles, General Grey, Major Elphinstone, and suite, honoured with their presence the performances at this theatre on Saturday evening.

**MISS M. A. ST. CLAIRE'S** annual ball took place at the Free-masons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, on Friday (yesterday) evening. From the very able manner in which that lady's reunions are always conducted a very brilliant gathering took place. The ball of last year was one giving peculiar gratification to her patrons, as did also the present one.

The THEATRALS generally have presented few new features than those above recorded.

**PYNE AND HARRISON TESTIMONIAL.**—An influential committee has been formed for the purpose of raising subscriptions, in order to present these talented artists with a testimonial worthy of the good efforts they have made, and in appreciation of the high character they have individually sustained in all that belongs to the management and discipline of the stage. We trust that the efforts of the committee will be successful.

**DEATH OF MR. T. P. COOKE.**—It is with regret we have to record the death of this veteran actor, which took place on Monday week, at 37, Thurloe-square, Brompton. Mr. T. P. Cooke was eighty-eight years of age. The funeral took place on Monday last at Brompton Cemetery.

The vacant Garter will, it is believed, be bestowed upon his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

**LORD CLARENCE.**—Lord Clarence will proceed to Paris upon a private mission to the Imperial Court.

## THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

**THE BOMBARDMENT OF DUPPEL AND SONDERBORG.** A CORRESPONDENT of a daily paper thus describes the Prussian bombardment of Duppel (or Dybbol):—

"I strolled out to the shore, and as soon as the Dybbol Hill was clear in sight, I could have no doubt that something very different was going on from the halting, hesitating fire to which we have hitherto been accustomed. The shells were flying to and fro at the rate, as I counted them, of twenty-five a minute; the roar of artillery was incessant; and the sides of Dybbol and Brosgaer Hills were covered with dense masses of smoke. The Prussians had at last opened fire from the position they acquired so fatally on the 17th, and the works of Dybbol were being thundered at with such a discharge of artillery, as I believe has not been heard since the days of the Bedan and the Malakoff. Suddenly, amidst the roar and din of the distant cannon, I caught the sound of a near, distinct crash, and I saw a white puff of smoke rise up from the castle of Sonderborg, which stands at the very entrance of the Als-Sund harbour. The first shot was put down by the bystanders to the deviation of a gun aimed at the Dybbol bastions. But then, hardly at a minute's interval, shell followed shell with a deepening crash, and it became only too certain that the enemy—without notice or warning or intimation of any kind—were again bombarding the defenceless town of Sonderborg. My own position was not exactly a pleasant one. The house where I have been so long and so hospitably sheltered looks, as I have mentioned before, straight upon the Wemming Bund, and stands on the edge of the sea, close to the castle. It was, therefore, exactly in the line of fire, and any return to it was for the moment impossible. So I worked my way through the outskirts of the town, trusting that the cannonade would slacken towards nightfall, and took up my position on a high hill, which rises at the back of Sonderborg. There I found a crowd of lookers-on collected, watching, like myself, the progress of the bombardment. The evening was coming on, and the light was fading in the west, but the constant discharge of cannon-shot kept on unabated. The roar of the artillery is indescribable, except to those who have heard it. Not a sound seemed to pass without a flash and bang, and dull, deep rumbling. The whole western sky was covered with dark lurid clouds. Which was the smoke of cannon, which that of burning houses, it was impossible to discern. The centre batteries, Nos. 4 and 6, surrounding the high road to Flensburg, against which the fire was mainly directed, were enveloped in a mist of flame and haze. Every shot appeared to take effect. Great puffs, of earth-coloured hue, rose up towards the sky, as shell after shell hit the earthworks, and splashed the mud scores of feet into the air. But, though the fire was quietest against the centre, it extended all along the line from the Als-Sund to the Wemming Bund. Whether our own batteries were silenced—whether it was found impossible to man the guns beneath that pitiless ceaseless fire—whether it was not thought advisable to respond—I cannot say. This I know, that scarcely any response was made. The hail of shells and cannon-shot beat down mercilessly upon the Dybbol heights; and as the dusk grew on great blood-red patches of flame, like the lava-chunks on Mount Vesuvius, appeared on the hill-side. The barracks, which had been erected to shelter the troops, were burning, and the fierce cold wind fanned the flames into a devouring flame. Fancy Martin's picture of 'The Last Great Judgment Day,' coloured with the hues that Turner would have spread upon it, and you will have some notion of that weird, awful scene."

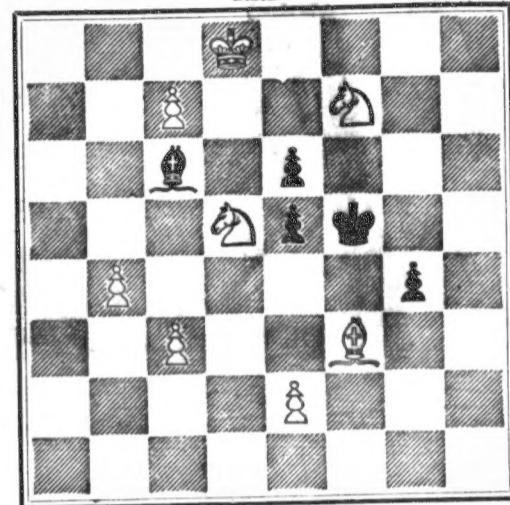
"But I own that, for us, the bombardment of the town, though infinitely less terrible as a spectacle, had a much stronger fascination. The two Wemming Bund batteries, which stand on the extreme of the Prussian right, were shelling the lower part of Sonderborg with a cruel accuracy. Not an intimation had been given—not a warning of any kind—such as had been afforded of late in the most barbarous of wars. On the first bombardment of the 15th, we might charitably hope that the few shells thrown into the town were sent solely to clear the harbour, and not to destroy the dwellings of peaceful inhabitants. No such excuse could be suggested at the present time. The bombs came whizzing towards the city with deliberate intent and aim. It is wonderful how soon you can tell the direction of a shell by its sound; and whenever a shot was fired in our direction the crowd of townsmen and soldiers amongst whom I stood cried out that the shell was coming long before it struck. We could see the dark puffs of smoke rising in dull succession from the houses near the port, and at last the smoke was followed by flame, and we saw that a house was set on fire. With the fierce wind then blowing, it seemed probable that the whole city would soon be destroyed. Happily, the wind fell away suddenly, and the conflagration was extinguished. If the night were only here we knew there must be a lull in the shelling, but the night seemed endlessly long in coming. At length, weary of waiting, I passed into the upper part of the town, where I had managed, luckily, to secure a shelter comparatively out of harm's way. The sight which met me there was sad enough in all conscience. The people were flying from the town, as the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah may have fled from the accursed cities. There was little time to take anything with them in their flight. Women, with scared pale faces, dragging little toddling children by the hand, were hastening away, God knows whither. Old men, bowed with age, were groping their way timidly up the long winding street. Some of the wayfarers had got bundles of bedding in their hands; others had articles of household furniture; long processions of carts, laden with every object that could be gathered together hastily, were rattling away as fast as the terrified horses could drag them; and the whole current of the population, which at this hour on ordinary evenings is coming homewards, was streaming out of the city. The wounded soldiers in the Caroline Amelia Hospital, which stands, or used to stand, close to the church, had been torn from their beds, and were passing in a file of carts up to Augustenburg. And then, mixed up with the citizens and the soldiers, came in the wounded men from the front. No estimate can be formed yet of the loss beneath this afternoon's murderous fire, but it must have been a heavy one. Dead bodies, half covered with the blood-stained straw in which they lay at the bottom of the rough peasants' waggon, were carried by in a dismal progress. File after file of soldiers moved on, bearing their wounded comrades on stretchers through the streets, and the moans of some of these poor wretches could be heard for hundreds of yards away; others lay senseless and to all appearance lifeless, with their wounds half bandaged, and with dark streaks of blood marking their heads and breasts. I have no wish to describe to you the horrors that I saw; men with their legs blown off, their bodies ripped open with shells, and their faces battered into a mass of shapeless flesh, are sights not pleasant to see, or to think of when seen. Towards nine o'clock the fire slackened, and almost died away."

**THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE.**—The appeal in this case has come before the House of Lords in the form of a petition by Mrs. Yelverton praying for an order on Major Yelverton to pay her £500 to enable her to defend her interests in the appeal. The Lord Chancellor was of opinion that for the present Mrs. Yelverton was entitled to the status and rights of Major Yelverton's wife. The report of the committee would therefore be that Major Yelverton should pay her £150, and that her case should be lodged in three weeks, which would ensure the cause being disposed of this session.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 171.—By Mr. ROBSON.  
(For the Juveniles)

Black.

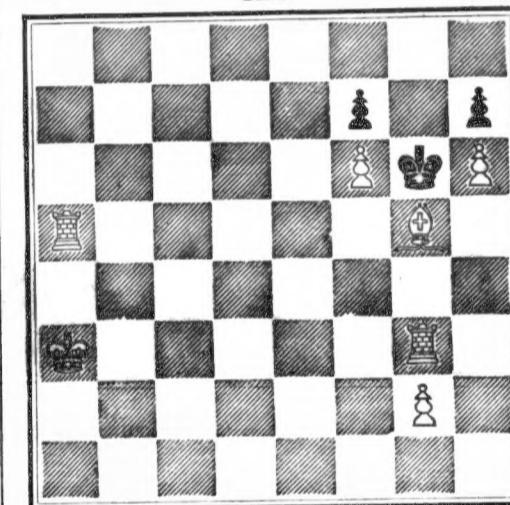


White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM NO. 172.—By W. GRIMSHAW, ESQ.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in six moves with the Knight's Pawn.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 160.

1. R to B 5
2. B to K 4
3. Q mates

(a)

1. R to K 5
2. Any move

(b)

1. R to K 5
2. Any move

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 161.

1. R to K B 6
2. R takes K P
3. R mates

(a)

1. K takes Kt
2. K takes R

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 162.

1. R to K B square (ch)
2. Q to K B 3 (ch)
3. Q mates

(a)

1. K takes Kt
2. K takes P

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 163.

1. Q to Q 7
2. Q to Q B 6
3. Mate

(a)

1. R to Q B 4
2. Q takes B, and mate next move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 164.

1. K to K B 4
2. P to Q 7
3. P exchanges for a Rook
4. R mates

(a)

2. K to Kt 3
3. K or P moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 165.

1. Kt to K 6
2. Kt to Kt 5
3. P to K 4
4. Kt mates

Black's moves are forced.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 166.

1. B takes P
2. B mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 167.

1. B to K Kt square
2. Kt to K B 2
3. Kt to Q 8
4. Kt mates

"

"

"

R. B. R.—Your solution of Problem No. 167 is sound, although differing from the author's.

## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
BOW STREET.

LIFE IN THE SAVES DIALS.—Magistrate Livingstone, said to be a beggar-letter writer, and Emily Wheeler, a prostitute, were charged with stealing several coins from another woman of the latter description, named Amelia Clare. A little boy named Connor stated that his father kept a shop in Queen-street Seven Dials, and let the rest of the house in lodgings. The prisoners and the prosecutrix, Amelia Clare, were lodgers. About eleven o'clock on the previous morning, Clare came into the shop drunk, and he tried to persuade her to go to bed. He succeeded in getting her into the passage, but she sat down on the stairs and fell asleep. About five minutes afterwards the two prisoners came in and tried to get her up-stairs. Witness stood looking on, and saw Livingstone hold Clare back while Wheeler forced her hand open, and took from it three florins, two half-crowns, and one shilling. He saw the coins distinctly. They then ran away out of the house, and did not return till night. In the meanwhile he had told his mother and when the prisoners came in she gave them into custody. Prosecutrix said that she was going out at about half-past nine in the morning to release some goods from the pawnbrokers, when she met with the two prisoners and a gentleman, and they all went to a public-house to drink. She had her money in her hand, was quite sober at the time, but after having some drink, became stupefied, and could not recollect what occurred. Wheeler made no defence, and Livingstone said she had never had a half-penny of the complainant's money. They were both committed for trial.

## WESTMINSTER.

A FIRST PROSECUTOR.—Sarah Stevens and Charles Stevens, described as a man and wife, were charged with stealing a gold watch and chain, value £30, the property of Mr. Joseph Clapson, an independent gentleman, residing at No. 53, Walton-street, Chelsea, who appeared to be under some hallucination. Mr. Clapson said: I was in the King's-road, Chelsea, and had a few friends with me, when this man and that good lady (pointing to the prisoner) came up to me and they took me home. I must confess I was drunk; yes, I had a drop. But they drugged me. I only want to see that bottle the stuff was in. They threw me on the bed and took my watch away; that good gentleman knocked me down four times, and that good lady put my watch down the closet, and I snatched it up just as she was going to turn the water on. I hollered "Police!" very loud, and the sergeant came. Where's the bottle? The sergeant knows all about the good lady and the watch. Mr. Selfe (to witness): Are you sober? You appear to be verging on delirium. Mr. Clapson: Yes, sir; quite sober. Inspector Holden, of the B division, said that Mr. Clapson had been in a state of delirium for the last fortnight. At other times he was a very sensible, well-conducted man, but when he took to drinking he would be in his present excited state for weeks together. Sergeant John Morgan Esq., said that he heard cries of "Police!" and went to Leader-street, Chelsea, at No. 11, and waited outside the door. He had previously heard a woman say, "You have got your watch." In about five minutes the door opened, and Mr. Clapson came out. Witness collared him, and he said: "I have been robbed of my watch. I give this man and woman into custody." The man and woman then emerged from the passage and the latter said: "He has got his watch," and witness looking into his hand saw it there. The prisoners were then taken to the station. The male prisoner said that Mr. Clapson was drunk, and did not know what he was about; he took the watch off himself. In reply to the magistrate, Morgan said that Mr. Clapson was independent, and that a great amount of property in Chelsea belonged to him. Mr. Selfe: Shall I remand the prisoners. Mr. Clapson: You keep sober meanwhile. Mr. Clapson: Yes, I'll send for my solicitor if you wait a day or two. Prisoners were then remanded.

NOVEL CASE.—Mrs. Mercy Elizabeth Sharpe, of 19, Tavistock-street, Gordon-square, was summoned at the instance of her husband, John Sharpe, to show cause why an order made under the Matrimonial Causes Act, which she had obtained to protect her property, acquired since the alleged desertion of her by her husband, should not be discharged. Mr. Pearce, barrister, appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Prantree, barrister, for the defendant. The complainant said that he was a renterman's servant, and was married to the defendant in 1845, on the 11th September; and from that date to September, 1853, they lived at different places. Witness then left Tavistock-street, Lambeth, and went to 13, Norton-street, Portland-place, at his wife's request, as there was not room for her mother, who was on a visit. He came almost every day, and saw her. On the 6th or 7th of March witness went at six o'clock to tea; and while he was taking it, his wife and her mother left the house. He went up into the bed-room and saw all the things in confusion. Witness left, and went there two days afterwards, but they had not been seen. Shortly afterwards complainant found her living at No. 43, Hans-place, Kilburnbridge. The house was rented by a barrister-at-law named Edward Griffiths, and his (wife's) wife went by the name of Mrs. Griffiths there. Witness called at the house and saw her, and in the same year went into the service of Colonel Waugh, at Branksea Castle, near Poole. The night before he started he called at Hans-place, and saw his wife. This was in the early part of 1854 and six months after he had been there he received a letter from his wife soliciting assistance. This had unfortunately destroyed. About August, 1854, he left Colonel Waugh, and returned to London, visited his wife at Hans-place, and talked to her. In a short time he went to Lord Dudley, to Loggoboy Manor, York, but his wife did not know of his going there. Witness said at York for fourteen months, and sent his wife some game. On his return to London he called at Hans-place, and saw his wife frequently. In the latter part of 1856, he went to Lord Hastings' for about two months, and then into the service of the Earl of Meath, in Ireland, for seven months. Witness then came to London, saw his wife repeatedly, spoke to her, and after being without a situation for some time, went into the service of a nobleman for a few months, and thence to Mr. Brown Westhead, M.P. for York. Previous to his going there he saw his wife frequently in the park, and spoke to her. On one occasion she assaulted him with a parasol. This was in 1858. Witness was two and a half years with Mr. Westhead at Lee Castle, near Kidderminster. On the 4th of April, 1858, she assaulted him in the park. After leaving Mr. Westhead complainant was unemployed four months. He was then temporarily engaged as one of her Majesty's footmen, and lived at Buckingham Palace. Witness saw his wife often in the park, and he supposed she saw him. He then went into the service of Sir Charles Shackerley, and was there till 1863, when his wife wrote to Sir Charles. Witness followed the same occupation before and after his marriage. His wife knew his business. He had never deserted her—she had deserted him. She knew of his brothers and uncle because they had visited them after they were married. Witness was not aware that his wife was going to leave him when she did in 1853, and from that time to October, 1863, he did not know that a protection order had been issued. By Mr. Arnold: When witness went to see his wife at Hans-place he asked for Mr. Griffiths. Mr. Arnold having intimated that the ordinary business of this case, the court would preclude him from receiving any more evidence in this case, the further hearing of it was adjourned till a future day, Mr. Prantree reserving the complainant's cross-examination.

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.—I am about 30 years of age, who gave the name of James Atkinson, was charged with beggary. William Kafe, an active detective, said that on Saturday afternoon he saw the defendant boggling about Eaton-square. He went up to a street door and gave a butler a letter, who returned it to him with sixpence. Witness then took him into custody. The officer handed two letters which he had found upon the defendant to the magistrate. The first of these was as follows:—To all kind ladies and gentlemen.—The bearer hereof humbly begs pardon for asking your kind assistance under the following circumstances:—I am a young man discharged from St. George's Hospital with an incurable disease, brought upon me by a relapse in the rheumatic fever, which disables me from following my capacity of life, and has to obtain a livelihood for myself and three motherless children that compels me to ask the assistance of any whose kind heart will assist ever so small a trifling towards four shillings. I am weekly allowed from my last employer, and the smallest assistance will be most thankfully received by your most humble and obedient servant, JAMES SIMPSON. The second letter commenced as follows:—To all kind servants, and finished with "yours respectfully," containing the same story as before. Mr. Selfe (to defendant): You were here last autumn, and were then committed. It was the same story then as it is now. I have not the least doubt that you are making a regular trade of beggary, and I shall therefore commit you for a month.

## CLERKS &amp; WELL.

A HARD CASE.—A woman about 40 years of age, attended by her daughter, applied to the sitting magistrate for a protection order under the provisions of the 21st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act. The applicant stated that she was a governess, residing at Holloway, and she was assisted in carrying on her school by her daughter, who was then present. Owing to the death of a relative she was entitled to a legacy, and she wanted an order to protect it against her husband and his creditors. Her husband has not done anything towards the support of his family for many years, and she was decidedly afraid that if he ascertained that she had got this money he would return and squander it away in dissipation and drink. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked the applicant if she knew where her husband resided? The applicant replied that to

the best of her belief he was in Australia. He had been there some years, but had never sent her any money. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked the applicant if her husband went there with her sanction? The applicant stated that when he made up his mind to go there she was living apart from him. She had been compelled to adopt that course, as he was out of a situation through his drunken habits, and she had to work to keep her family. He had told her he was going, and she did not demur to his doing so. Mr. D'Eyncourt: How did your husband obtain the means to pay his passage out? The applicant said that her relations had given him the money, as they thought she would do better without him. Since he had been gone she had earned her livelihood, and had acquired a little property, and it was more on account of her family than herself that she asked for the protecting order. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was possibly a very hard case, but he could not grant the applicant the order she asked for. What the husband had done did not amount to desertion, for before he went away he told the applicant he was going, and her friends had provided him with the means to do so. This was not such a desertion as was contemplated by the Act of Parliament, and therefore he could not make the order.

## MABLEDOOROUGH STREET.

CHARGE OF ABDUCTION.—Thomas Howard, the keeper of a night refreshment house, No. 51, Haymarket, was brought before Mr. Know for examination, charged with taking Minnie Wilson from the custody of her parents, she being then under sixteen years of age. Mr. E. D. Lewis stated the charge, which consisted in the statement of Minnie Wilson, to the effect that when about fifteen years of age, while seeking a situation, she was engaged in the street by the prisoner, and induced to accompany him to a house in Rupert-street on the pretence that he would get her a situation; that she was there dragged, as she supposed, and then ruined; that she remained away from her home with the prisoner until she bore a child; that the prisoner refused to contribute to its support; that she got an amputation summons, and then when it was heard, having stated the above particulars, the magistrate, Mr. Arnold, thought the case was one of a more serious character, and immediately granted a warrant for abduction against the prisoner. Mr. Lewis then called Minnie Wilson, who said: I reside at No. 2, Great Charlton-street, Fitzroy-square. In the early part of 1862 I was living with my father. I was looking for a situation one day when I was engaged in St. Paul's churchyard by the prisoner, who asked me where I was going, and who I was. I told him I was looking for a situation and that I lived with my parents. He said he could get me a situation with a lady, and asked me to accompany him. I agreed to do so, and went with him to No. 49, Rupert-street, where the prisoner introduced me to a woman who he said was the lady he spoke to me about. After some conversation as to references, I was about to leave, stating that I would send my friends to see the lady the next day, as I could not make any arrangement without their sanction, but the prisoner persuaded me to stay and have some refreshment, and I did have a glass of wine and some cake. If I had left the house at that time I should have gone to my parents. About half an hour after drinking the wine I fell stupid; the prisoner Howard was talking to me all the time. When I came to myself I was undressed, and in bed with the prisoner. I began to cry, and the prisoner said he would marry me in a month or six weeks. The prisoner then got out of bed, and sent the woman he had introduced to me into the room. I was at that time a little more than fifteen years of age, and unmarried. The prisoner kept me in the room, but he did not look me in. He took my dress and cloak from me. I remained at the house because I was afraid to return home again. The prisoner prevented me from leaving the house. The clothes in which I left my home I never saw again. In 1863 I gave birth to a child, and I was a short time afterwards charged with deserting it. I remained with the prisoner until last June. Mr. Joseph Wilson, No. 116, St. John's-road, Finsbury, said: Minnie Wilson is my daughter. She did not live with me after the latter part of November, 1861. She was then just turned sixteen years of age. In March, 1862, she was not living at home; her mother was then dead. Previous to March, 1862, my daughter Minnie was at a school at Bristol; but she left at the end of 1861, because the school people refused to keep her, and I was obliged to have her home. I got her a situation at the Railway Hotel, at Buxton, as barmaid; but she was summarily dismissed from that situation in September or October. She lived with me until the end of November, and I only saw her once afterwards, when she told me she had got a situation at a milliner's, in Warwick-street, Regent-street, and she was leading a regular and respectable life, and was about to be married to a respectable young man. This was in May or June, 1862. I made inquiries at Warwick-street, and could not find that Joanna—that is my daughter's real name—was known there. Cross-examined: I am a traveller for Messrs. Robbie and Co., Scotland-yard. In November, 1862, my daughter left my custody, and I never saw her for six months. I found she said was a parcel of lies, and to ask me her character is a painful question. Minnie Wilson was re-called: I was treated very cruelly by my father, and he told me if I did not get a situation he would turn me out of the house. Police-surgeon Appleton, 20 C: I have known the girl Wilson for about eighteen months. I first knew her at 49, Rupert-street, where the prisoner kept a cigar shop. There were two or three girls, prostitutes, kept in the shop. James Hider, waiter at the Raglan Music Hall: I have been in the prisoner's service at different times. I received this letter. I do not know that it was written by Howard, but it is signed "Howard." The prosecutrix, on looking at the letter, said she believed it was in Howard's handwriting. The letter was to the following effect:—

"Dear Sir,—Will you tell Minnie that if she is sorry, and does not intend being there, she must write a letter to-night to the magistrate, so that he will have it early to-morrow. In this letter she must retract all that she stated up at the court, and say in the letter that she was sorry for having said so, but that she did it out of spite, and that it was not true, and she can say that she has left London; and she must not post it anywhere near where she is staying, or else they will arrest her for perjury. And that you do see that one writes at once, so that the court will have it to-morrow, or else I shall be kept in prison for God knows how long, under the plea of wanting evidence. If I am not out to-morrow I shall probably take a final leave of this scene ere long; so if you want me to exist you will lose no time in carrying out my wishes—Yours, &c.," THOMAS HOWARD.

"To James Hider, Waiter at Raglan Music Hall."

Mr. Knox: The question is, do I believe the father or the daughter? The father has given his daughter a bad character, and the daughter says she was treated cruelly at home and threatened to be turned out of the house by him. There is another question, and that is, had the father been tampered with by the other side, or not? The father, it is quite clear, made little effort to reclaim his daughter, and the father's conduct does not impress me with any respect for his character. Is the letter just read to be taken as a proof of the prisoner's innocence? There are directions as to what he is to say in order to excuse himself from not appearing against the prisoner. The question is, will a jury convict? My opinion is that I should not be justified in withdrawing the case from a jury. It is certainly a case of doubt, but it is possible that a jury may believe the girl and not her father. Mr. Orridge said there was a case in "Cox's Criminal Cases" where it was laid down that a father was bound to take reasonable care of his daughter, and if he did not do so a man who took her away was not liable. The prisoner was then committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Knox consenting to take two bail in £100 each for the prisoner's appearance.

CHARGE AGAINST A WARDER OF THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.—Frederick Tiptaff, one of the warders at the House of Correction, was brought up charged with attempting to commit a misdemeanor. The prisoner was charged with offering to 500 to Minnie Wilson to keep out of the way in the above case. Mr. Knox said he would see what the Old Bailey did with the case of Howard. If Howard was acquitted, then he conceived he must formally discharge Tiptaff from custody. Mr. E. Lewis, jun., said he would remind the magistrate that Tiptaff attempted to get witness out of the way in a case of abduction. He apprehended that this was an offence at law, although the abduction charge might not be eventually sustained. Mr. Knox said, no doubt if the practice of procuring the absence of important witnesses were persisted in, there would in such cases be a serious defeat of justice. He was disposed to believe that a common law offence had been committed; he would, however, give the matter his serious consideration, and in the meantime would remand the prisoner, taking the same bail which had previously been accepted.

## WORSHIP-STREET.

A FEMALE STABBER.—Maria Raven, a quiet and inoffensive-looking woman, about 25 years of age, was brought before Mr. Cooke by Fairall, one of the warrant officers of this court, charged with violently assaulting Robert Raven, her husband, under these peculiar circumstances:—Complainant said: On the 3rd of March last the parish authorities of Hackney prosecuted me at this court for neglecting to maintain my wife, and I had a month for it, at the end of which time she was walking for me at the prison gate; not as a wife should—oh, no; but with the very greatest language, asking what I was going to do. I replied, "I intend to get away as fast as possible," and made off to my lodgings, but had scarcely sat down when three mutinous chaps before me than in she rushed, flung the chops one way and the tea another, smashed every morsel of crockery she could lay her hands on, and then, swearing in her own beautiful language that she would have my life, seized a fork lying on the table, and stabbed me in the lower part of my bowels. I, as luck would have it, got away at the moment, at by turning the blow fell on my left hip, and the prongs of the fork stuck

there. The marks are now apparent, though it was done a week since. I afterwards applied to this court and got a summons against her. She is a very terrible woman, I assure you. Elizabeth Lee: I went to Coldbath-fields prison on the day Mr. Raven was liberated, and saw his wife there. She abased me shamefully, although I told her that I was merely there to deliver a letter to her husband from his cousin, Lydia Pemberton, a spare-framed, sharp-featured woman of forty, living at 13, Duke-street, Spital-fields: When Mr. Raven came home on Saturday last I had some tea and chops ready for him, when he burst this woman, without knocking, and swore that she would do for the pair of us, broke all my things and plunged the fork into him. Defendant: This is the woman my husband is supporting and living with instead of with me. Witness: Nothing of the kind; he is my lodger. Mr. Cooke: What business had you in his apartment? Witness: Oh, we take our meals together. Mr. Cooke: Are you married? Witness: I am a widow with three children. Mr. Cooke, having read over the notes of evidence taken when complainant was charged by the parish, remarked: I perceive that here mention is made of the husband keeping the fork into him. Defendant: This is the woman my husband is supporting and living with instead of with me. Witness: Nothing of the kind; he is my lodger. Mr. Cooke: What business had you in his apartment? Witness: I am a widow with three children. Mr. Cooke, to the wife: Listen to me. You had not any right to use violence to your husband; it is unseemly even under the greatest possible aggravation. You must not repeat this conduct. If he again refuses to support you apply to the parish, and doubtless its officers will bring him before me at this court. His punishment will then be far heavier than that which he has just served. I allow you to go now on entering into your own recognizances to keep the peace.

## THAMES.

A FONDIVING PROSECUTOR.—SATAN AND THE SHIPWRIGHT.—Richard Walling, an old shipwright was brought before Mr. Page charged with stealing 5 lbs. of composition nails, valued at £1 per pound, the property of Messrs. Young, Son, and Company, the shipbuilders of Limehouse. Samuel Cole, storekeeper, stated that at five minutes before five o'clock the previous evening he received information that the prisoner had got metal nails in his possession. He stopped the prisoner as he was leaving the yard, and discovered 5 lbs. of metal nails wrapped in a handkerchief in his coat pocket. The prisoner said, "The devil has got in me; it is Satan him." The witness added that the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for stealing nails, and that Mr. George Frederick Young, who was a kind master, took the prisoner into his employ again when he came out of prison, and had employed him ever since upon good wages, but he would not be retained in the establishment any longer. Mr. Young did not wish the prisoner to be punished or sent to prison. The prisoner said another party led him into crime; before he took the nails for another man, but next time Satan did it all. Old Satan was in him. He was sorry for what he had done, and sorry that he had offended a kind and indulgent master. Mr. Page said the prisoner was an ingrateful man as well as a thief, and had ill requited the kindness displayed him by a respectable firm. Mr. Young had taken a very merciful view of the case, and his feelings were very honourable, but he (Mr. Page) could not altogether comply with the humane views of the prosecutor. The protection of society must be regarded. The prisoner had committed a very serious offence, and he should sentence him to one month's imprisonment and hard labour. The sentence would have been more severe if Mr. Young had not kindly interposed.

## SOUTHWARK.

A NICE LOT.—George Chamberlain, Daniel Harris, and Maty Ann Anderson were charged with being concerned with others not in custody in committing an assault upon John Martin and robbing him of about 30s. in silver. Mr. Bions appeared for Chamberlain, and Mr. Edwin for Harris. The prosecutor, an engineer, residing in Norfolk-street, Southwark-bridge-road, said that on Saturday night, the 26th ult., he left his work in the Old Kent-road at about eleven o'clock for the purpose of proceeding home. A little after twelve he was passing down Ravel-row, at the rear of the Stone's-end police-station, to the southwark-bridge-road, and when about the middle he was attacked by four or five men and a woman. He was knocked down, and while the woman held him by the throat the others ransacked his pockets of about 30s. in silver, all the money he had. He believed the prisoners were concerned in the attack, as he recognised Chamberlain by his light grey coat and his florid complexion, and he distinguished Harris by his dark appearance. While on the ground he was knocked and kicked brutally, and as soon as his cries attracted the notice of the police his assailants released him and despatched. In cross-examination witness said he had been drinking a little before he left the Kent-road, but was not intoxicated when he was attacked. He had not spoken to any woman or man previously to his being pounced upon. Police constable 300 M said that about twelve o'clock on the night in question he saw the male prisoners and four other men in a pie-shop in Suffolk-street, near Ravel-row. Chamberlain had a light coat on. He went partly round his beat, and when passing by the station-house he was informed of the outrage and robbery. Having received a description of some of the parties, he went to the Globe glass-works, Lamb-street, and there found the male prisoner, whom the prosecutor identified as two of the men who robbed him. Witness afterwards apprehended the female prisoner, who denied all knowledge of the robbery. Police-constable 300 M said that between one and two on the morning of Sunday, the 27th ult., he saw four or five men run out of Ravel-row, and heard some one calling for the police. A minute or so afterwards the prosecutor came up to him with his clothes torn and blood on his face, and very much exhausted. He told witness that he had been attacked by four or five men and a woman, who had robbed him of all the money he had, consisting of 30s. He described the men, and one of the men witness saw running away was one with a light coat on. Jane Healop, a prostitute, residing in Ravel-row, said she was standing at her door between twelve and one on the night in question, when she saw the prosecutor coming along. Chamberlain and four or five other men suddenly attacked him and knocked him down. The female prisoner seized hold of the prosecutor's throat and held it while the men rifled his pockets. As soon as they heard some one coming one of them gave the prosecutor a kick and they all ran off. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoners to Bow Street for trial. Jane Healop, the last witness, was then finally examined, charged with stealing a gold pin from the person of John Chamberlain, the father of the first prisoner. Mr. Bions prosecuted. The prosecutor said that after the last adjourned examination of his son and other prisoners he met the prisoner Healop at the door of the court, and treated her with a glass of ale. She told him that she could show him how they did the garrisoning, and at the same time she put one hand on his month and seized his throat by the other. He told her that was enough, and left her. About twenty minutes after that he missed his gold pin from his scarf. He gave information to the police, and a day or two afterwards the pin was traced to her. Sergeant Gardner, acting inspector at Tōne's-end police station, said he ascertained the prisoner Healop pledged the pin the same evening in the Borough-road, and afterwards sold the duplicate to a potman, who redressed it and gave it to a friend. In answer to the magistrate, Sergeant Gardner said he knew the prisoner an old thief. She had been twice convicted, and had been sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Mr. Woolrych committed her also to Newgate for trial at the present Central Criminal Court Sessions.

## LAMBETH.

DEPRAVE ASSAULT AND INTENDED ROBBERY.—John Cole, who described himself as a waiter, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Norton, charged with being concealed in the Ship Tavern, Walcot-place, Kennington-road, on that morning, for a felonious purpose, and also with committing a depredation and murderous assault on Mr. Thomas Jones, the landlord. The prosecutor, whose head and countenance bore unequivocal proofs of the prisoner's attack, said that on that morning, at about twenty-five minutes past twelve, his house was closed, and he was preparing to go to bed, and went to the cellar to turn off the lights. On his return he saw the prisoner standing at the top of the stairs, "roared with a 'life preserver,'" and as he approached him he struck him three or four desperate blows on 'tis temples, right and left. The blows were so severe as to cause a moment's dizziness, but he managed to close with the prisoner, and a desperate struggle ensued, in which both went down. The prisoner managed to get up first, and seizing hold of a five-gallon cask flung it with all his might on his (witness's) head, and such was the force with which he struck him that the cask fell to pieces. He managed again to grapple with the prisoner, and forced him along to the top of the kitchen stairs, his intention being to get him down to the kitchen, and keep him there; but Mrs. Jones at that moment fortunately came down stairs, and seeing the prisoner there and the state he was in, she gave an instant alarm, and the police came to their assistance. In reply to the magistrate's questions, Mr. Jones said that at first he did not recognise the prisoner, as his cap was tied down with a handkerchief passing over it, and tied under the chin; but when brought down by the police from the club-room he at once saw that he had been discharged about three months ago. The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said I want to Mr. Jones with a two years' character, and when I left I had only one of two months, and it was not likely I could get another place on a two months' character. His object in going to Mr. Jones, therefore, was to ask him for a character, but he would not give him time to speak to him. The prisoner was remanded for a week.



## LITERATURE.

### HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

LUCKNOW, FROM 16TH JUNE TO 22ND JUNE (C), BEING A COPY OF  
A STAFF OFFICER'S DIARY.

#### BHORE GAUT.

June 17.—Very few and most contradictory rumours came in this day about Cawnpore, but no authentic intelligence could be gained.

“June 18.—The force at the Residency, consisting of the regular troops, civilians, volunteers of all sorts and, in fact, every man within the defences, not incapacitated by sickness, were ordered by Sir Henry Lawrence to parade at sunrise. Every man was to be at the post he was to occupy in case of an attack; and those to whom no post had been assigned mustered in front of the Residency, for the purpose of having a post or duty assigned them. The brigadier-general inspected the whole of them, and visited all the outposts and pickets.

“The servants of Captain's Staples, 7th Cavalry, and Burnside, 48th Native Infantry, returned and reported the murder of those officers, whose heads, they stated, were carried to the Nens at Cawnpore; and that Lieutenant Bonkton, of the 7th Cavalry, jumped his horse into the river, and nothing further had been heard of him. Owing to the want of rain, the heat had now become intense. Oholia and dysentery were on the increase; chiefly at the Muchie Bhawns.

“June 19.—A fresh case of smallpox occurred to-day (Mr. Bird, who was immediately removed to a tent in the compound.) The unseasoned volunteers were again minutely inspected this afternoon. The engineer officers were very hard at work completing the batteries and defences. Upwards of 3,000 coolies were at work unroofing houses in the vicinity of our defences.

“June 20th.—This day, the ‘Redan’ was completed. It consisted of one 18-pounder gun and one 3-pounder, with two mortars in their rear—the whole commanding the iron bridge and open country across the river. The Cawnpore 18-pounder battery was very nearly finished, and an expense magazine establishment near it.

“A letter from Cawnpore informed us of their ability to hold out for some fifteen days more. The dreadful news of a boat load of European ladies, women, and children, from Fettercairn, having been interred at Cawnpore and assassinated there, was confirmed by natives.

“June 21st.—Two hundred guns, many of large calibre, were found in the gardens of the Bish Khana, behind the Dowlat Khana (a large building on the north side of the city). There were no carriages to them. This startling discovery was luckily made in time. Twenty-seven guns were at once brought in, and arrangements made for packing the remainder.

“In the evening, as the church was full of grain, Divine service was performed in Mr. Gibbons' garden.

“June 22.—All our available spare carts, harkies, and waggons were to-day employed in bringing in the guns found yesterday. Many of them were of large size. The unroofing and clearing away of houses continued without intermission, and every exertion

was made to remove anything which might afford cover in the immediate vicinity of our defences.”

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### XXVII.

On the 22nd of June, and at Lucknow, they began to despair of reinforcements from Allahabad, while they knew that at Cawnpore the English had quite enough to do to take care of themselves. So, as drowning men catch at the shadow of themselves, the Lucknow camp turned their attention in the direction of Agra. But they were doomed to as much disappointment when peering towards the north-west, as when doing the same thing towards Allahabad and the south-west.

They had quite enough to do at Agra to look after themselves. As elsewhere, early in June the native regiments at Agra began to show symptoms of the prevailing disease. They were two in number, the 4th and 67th. Two companies, one of each corps, had been sent to Muttra to bring down treasure to Agra. They marched on the way back, and proceeded to Delhi, murdering it was feared, some or all of their officers. The spirit shown by these companies determined Mr. Colvin at once to disarm the remainder of the regiments to which they belonged, which was accordingly done on the 1st of June.

Out of the Europeans in Agra, a corps of volunteer horses was raised, which, under the command of Lieutenant Greathed, assisted a few days after the alarming of the 4th and 67th in the execution of a capital piece of service. The Rao, petty chief of Burzole, near Aylighur, availed himself of the prevailing disorder to declare his independence, turning out Government officials, burning villages, exacting contributions, and establishing himself at Khyur as the seat of his new and extended sovereignty. His course was soon run. Mr. Wilson, the magistrate of Allygor, with a few troopers and the Volunteer Horse, made a sudden sweep upon Khyur, caught the Rao, tried him by drumhead court-martial, found him guilty of rebellion, and hung him on the spot—a salutary example.

But Agra was not to pull through the matin so easily. About the 10th of June there was a report that the enemy was advancing. The report was veracious; and furthermore, upon the few white troops in the fort, who had been sent to corrupt the troops at this place, were captured in a house in the centre of the city. Information having been given to Captain Hughes, commanding the 4th Irregular Infantry, he directed two native officers to put themselves on the watch, and to pretend disaffection. This they did, and by this means, with Captain Carnegie's assistance, Captain Hughes was enabled to effect the capture of these traitors to mutiny. They were forthwith brought to a drum-head court-martial, and the whole of them condemned to death.

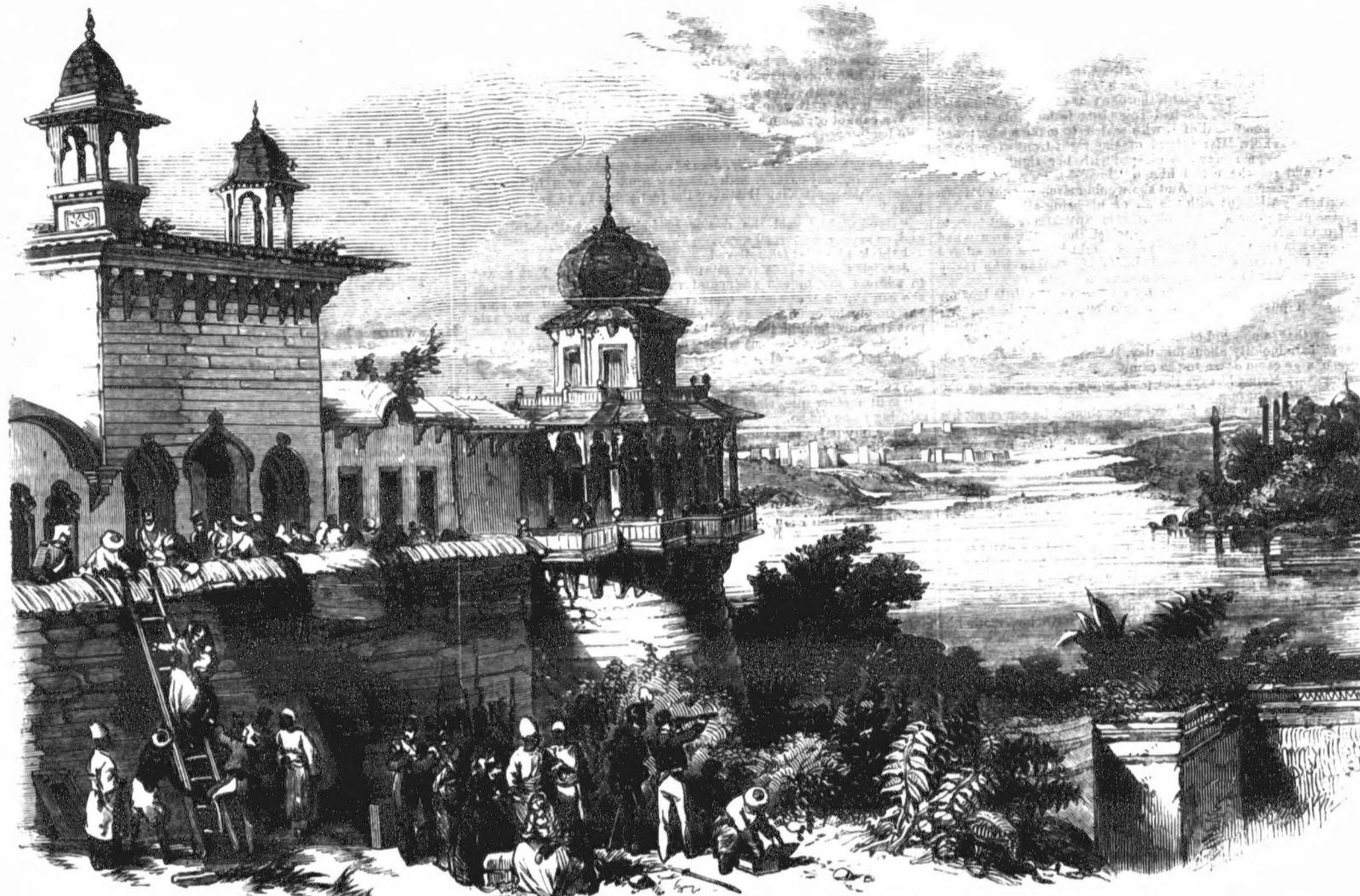
(c) Messrs. Smith and Elter, Corribli: “The Defense of Lucknow.”

But let us return to Lucknow, and our friends. Now she of our female friends who requires most attention is Mrs. Jubilina Fisher, and as I may as well say at once that that poor woman will not call for much farther looking after, why, perhaps, I shall be pardoned if I devote just one more chapter to what I may justly term “shew'd” writing.

Jubilina Electra had been seized with delirium on the 19th of that month. During those three days, sometimes she was quiet, sometimes she blazed out, uttering such language as I should not dare to

receive from a girl valid considerably, some writers putting the best side to her in England, while others certainly did not. One other, writing from the fort, gives a melancholy account of the condition of the 1,000 people who had been taken there. He says that the first few days after the fight were days of true misery, discomfit, filth, and starvation. But confidence was soon restored, and greater comfort began to prevail. They feared no enemy, and were contriving the means of defence and supplies for many months. He states that he is located with his wife and child in a miserable “archway house,” being an archway forming part of a great square in the fort, in a space separated from their neighbours by a thin partition of grass matting. It is about ten feet by seven, and contains their all, consisting of two small sin horses, a wooden one, with clothes, two little tables on cross legs, two brass basins, cooking vessels, wood and charcoal, such food as they can get, water jars, his gun, and a bed, the property of Government, another gun, written in more lively strain, speaks of the appearance of the interior as being “very snug.” The streets, he says, are all naked. We have Begum, Oxford, Quat'ra, Burlington, and Lovelace Arcades. Ours is Tridagar-square, Nos. 45 and 49. The fort of Agra, which contains the palace of Akbar, and the celebrated Mosque Meusej or Pash Minqua, (Sunday mosque) which stands without its gates. Its appearance, nevertheless, is very deceptive with regard to its strength. For the walls, impregnable as they look, are mere shells, and would not stand a single day's cannonading. A drawbridge crossing a deep moat which surrounds the fort, conducts to a massive gateway, and up a flight of red sandstone stairs to the inner entrance. This consists of two ornamental gates, in white marble. The passage between them is covered by two domes, which seem to rise from a portion of pyramidal stonework, as in domes of the Alcazar of Alhambra. This elegant portal, however, instead of opening upon a series of palatial courts, leads to a waste of barren meadows, covered with withered grass. But over the black red walls in front, three marble domes, glittering in the sun, may be noticed, and still further, to be seen the golden pinnacles of Akbar's palace. Without a ground-plan it would be difficult to describe in detail its many courts, its separate masses of buildings, and its detached pavilions, which combine to form a labyrinth. The substructions of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of its corridors, chambers, and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most elaborate ornament.

(b) We give two engravings of the fort at Agra. One taken at a moment of pause, and when scarce by the medium of the river was contemplated; the other, when confidence was somewhat restored, and something like organization had been arrived at within the fort. The accounts which were



PART OF THE FORT AT AGRA. (See page 700.)

repeat here, and at intervals she would sob, and sob as though her very heart were breaking.

I think it was these sobbing fits which most moved the old and young Job both.

The man and the boy were equally accustomed to her anger, to her blasphemy, to her sullenness, but they had no experience of her tears. Fisher had often asked himself if she could "drop a tear or two." If during their married life she had at any time wept, she had done it in private. Fisher had never seen her in the melting mood. Nor had young Job, and his experience of his mother's contempt for emotion was so full that many a time and oft, when the boy's heart had been full, he kept it so while in her presence.

I am sorry to say it—I am very sorry to say it, but I am afraid Mrs. Jubelina, without deliberately meaning to do so, had done her very best all through her life to brutalize those amongst whom she had lived.

But she was to tyrannize no more.

And be it remarked here, that the sergeant had never struck his wife. In the coming time, when the Fisher camp was to be at rest, he was not to have the weight of a blow to make heavier the weight of sorrow he was to bear. For, upon my life, Sergeant Fisher loved his hard-mouthed wife as truly as though she had been as delicate as a summer butterfly.

Certainly the poor woman had made her own bed, and so she had lain upon it, only the difficulty was in this, that others had to share it with her.

What! How came Fisher, who appears a sort of sensible, good fellow, to choose so unhappily? I am sure I do not know. Fisher himself said it was "fate." Fate, by the way, whatever that may be, gets the credit of a good deal of stupidity.

Fisher was in the tent with his wife a good deal. It was hard work at Lucknow, trench-making, and throwing up earth-works; and most men found the time they had on hand not any too much; and yet, somehow, the men of Fisher's company managed to take an hour here and an hour there from the sergeant's time of duty; so the poor fellow had the power of sitting by the side of his wife's bedside very many more hours than he would have had to spend at that sad occupation had his comrades been less well-disposed towards him.

So he sat hour after hour near Jubelina, feeling quite as much pain as she did, poor soul.

Sometimes during these watches, he would fall to mending his regiments, which, in common with those of the rest of the army, had grown very seedy and rusty. And so sure as the father began this work, young Job being present, would immediately thread a needle and follow suit.

Young Job passed almost the whole of his time in the tent. I confess to you I know not how this arrangement was brought about, seeing that in a regiment every boy even has his appointed duty. I only know that young Job had his time almost to himself, so I can only infer that either in a state of coming siege military discipline is relaxed, or that deputies are allowed in the performance of military duty.

This is certain, that young Job passed almost all his time from the 16th to the 22nd of June in that sad tent.

He could be of little use, but what he could do, he did cheerfully and lovingly. His mother never had to call out for drink a second time, and to everything she said, his invariable reply was "All right, mother; it's me is bearing a hand."

When the father and son were sitting up together through the watches of the night, they said little to each other. The father's almost invariable address was, "Young Job," and the boy as invariably replied, "All right, father."

Only was this painful suffering monotony varied when the poor wandering woman burst into some frightful torrent of abuse cast upon some imaginary enemy. Then the father would lug in some shape of that commandment to which he referred cheerfully when

seriously speaking to young Job of his mother. And I don't think that he exhorted him alone to honour his mother that his own days might be long in the land.

Indeed, I happen to know he would say, or to the same effect, "Remember, Drummer Fisher, 'twas she brought you into the world, and who took care of you as a bit of nothing, as I may say; for young Job, werry small, at first, you was. Honour her, lad. Who laid you in your little bed, and smoothed the pillow for your head? Why, your mother, Drummer Fisher; and never forget it."

"No, I won't forget father. No, I shan't forget it—not I," was something like the answer the boy would return.

But it was on the 18th of June that Fisher felt the hardest cut of all.

The poor woman had been quiet for some time—probably under the merciful quieting influence of the opium Doctor Effingham had administered—when suddenly she broke out with this remark:

"Tom Forchett's the man for my money!"

"Hullo! mother," says the sergeant, who, whether any other than himself were present or not, did never in this sad time once accept the belief that his wife could not comprehend what was said to her—"Hullo, mother! and who's Tom Forchett?"

"Who's Tom Forchett?—why, the lad of the village, to be sure."

"Well, you are a nice one!" says the sergeant, cheerfully. "You, the mother of four of 'em alive, to talk about your Tom Forchett?"

"Why, mother, I shall grow jealous!"

"Why did Tom Forchett leave me," asks Fisher, "so that I took up with a marching ridgeman?"

"Hullo, mother!" says the sergeant, quite dismayed.

"I loved Tom, I did, better than any of them; but I spited them all, and marched away with my ridgeman, I did. Rub-a-dub-dub! O-o-oh!"

"Ah!" says the sergeant; and I have heard his son say that his father here went as pale about the face as he did on the night when young Job was taken up for beating the drum at an inconveniently wrong time.

Was there any truth in Tom Forchett? Had she really married the sergeant out of spite? There is no telling, except by inquiry at her native village. Was the frequent reference to him by the fevered woman a result of her fever? or was she then confessing, when off her guard, a secret which, despite her love of talk and her recklessness when excited, she had kept during her married life?

This is a question which cannot here be answered, but it is certain that every day up to the 22nd, and many times each day, she named the unknown Tom Forchett.

I believe every time she uttered it the two words went to the sergeant's heart like a mental knife; and I further believe that Fisher had little doubt before the 22nd that there had been something of love and desertion, but nothing more, between Tom Forchett and his wife.

Perhaps the knowledge of this secret, which she had kept to herself while the padlock of reason held it prisoner,—perhaps this knowledge helped to console him somewhat after her tongue was stilled for ever. But be this as it may, it is as well to believe that the information was a consolation, since we are informed there is good in everything, even when we don't see it.

"Who's Tom Forchett?" says young Job, about the third or fourth time the mother mentions him.

"Which I am not sure," says Fisher; "but I think, Drummer Fisher, as he is a held man that goes about with water-creases in his native village, my boy, and" (this was the first time Fisher had openly admitted that his wife was delirious)—"and, young Job, I believe your dear mother is a little off her head."

"Well, father," says young Job, who has dutifully kept up a belief in his mother's sanity, "I were just a thinking so myself."

"But she's no wuss, my boy," says the sergeant, with one of Dr. Phil Effingham's own airs.

And so the weary days rolled on to the 22nd.

As our readers know, from the diary of the staff-officer from whose work I have quoted, up to that day the enemy held himself in reserve. No firing was going on, while the works of the defence were rapidly progressing to such perfection as could be attained.

A few days, and the sick would have to be left to look after the sick. There would be enough work to do to keep them a place in which to die in such peace as their ailments granted them.

From the day of the accident to that 22nd of June, those who had come down to the camp of the Fishers, and proffered their help to the injured woman, continued to make periodical appearances, and do their Samaritan best.

Mrs. Spankiss came down handsomer each time she made her appearance, if I may be allowed that mode of expression.

But on the 22nd Mrs. Spankiss came down handsomest of all.

Reaching the tent, and finding only young Job there, near Jubelina's bedside, she sent forth that drummer on a message, and then she began the following oration.

And here it may be asked, how do I come to be in a position to repeat her oratory? In the first place, let the reader rest assured it was not taken down in those times. The fact is, Mrs. Maloney was in her tent, and as she had nothing at the moment, by the aid of which she could distract her attention, she was in a measure compelled to hear what was said.

Spankiss's oration stood after the following manner:—

"Mrs. Fisher, mum; I don't know whether you can understand me, mum, or whether you can't; but, prayin' as you do, for all and the sake of all, I have somewhat to say, mum. Your little Jerry have thriven and striven since the 12th, and I have took to your little Jerry wonderful. Mrs. Fisher, mum, you are a hold soldier's wife, and I am a hold soldier's wife, and between such, plain speak out is what is eally fair. Mrs. Fisher, mum, the fortune of war is with us or aginst us, and when aginst, 'tis very hard to bear, mum; but, mum, them ravens as was dead will say as good to you, mum, as this—when one loaf's eat up, there'll be a good providence and another from somewhere. Well, mum, not for one moment comparing myself to anythink o' the sort, mum, I yere offer that should you here the muffled drums, mum, and soon, which the fortune o' war may be fatal—why, mum, I hereby promise to erクト your blessed Jerry, and bring him up a credit to the harry and yourself, mum—if you see him, as may be it may be, mum. And to all this I, Provy Spankiss, born Lukky, waits an answer."

During this long harangue, Jubelina Fisher kept her poor eyes fixed upon the speaker in a wondering manner. Did she comprehend what was said to her, or did she not?

The voice of Spankiss ceasing to scratch the air—and it must be confessed it reminded you of a garden hoe in a flinty soil—the sergeantess looked about her, and fell smiling sweetly, as she had never smiled in her sane moments. She had kept that a secret also.

"Mrs. Fisher, mum," said the sister sergeantess,—"speak if you can, and if you can't, make a sign. If I'm to bring the chirrup up a credit to you and to the army, nod your head; but, mum, if I am to set down your Jerry, then shake your head. Which, mum, if you do not, then do my duty I will, and a finer and trimmer lad there won't be in the army, if the Injuns don't get the better of us, which let 'em, mum, if they can, mum," continued Mrs. Spankiss, with some considerable agitation. "How do you decide?"

And here some odd fancy took possession of the poor invalid, which caused her to nod.

As she did so, she said, loudly, "It's Tom Forchett," and she began kissing her hand and smiling with great liveliness.

"So it shall be, mum," said Spankiss; he shall be as you say, Mrs. Fisher, mum; but not knowing the gentleman, mum, you will p'raps accuse me if I don't."

Then, Mrs. Spankiss, saying, "I wish you good morning, Mrs. Fisher, being I will return with the dear boy to-night."

And then the sergeantess sailed away with the handsomest expression of countenance you can imagine. And, indeed, a good action is one of the best aids to beauty ever invented; and what is more, it lasts longer than any cosmetic, except, perhaps, that one which makes you beautiful for ever.

Miss Skeggs remained faithful to Obby, though it must be confessed that he was a trial. That dear boy had made experimental launches in a tub of water with the one pair of truly fashionable boots belonging to her. He had ruined the fashionable hoop by cutting away a good deal of it with which to make a cage; and finally, he had shorn Miss Skeggs of the right front of her hair (and indeed it was a mercy she escaped with her right ear) while she slept; and yet she called him a "love"—a very mischievous Cupid, it must be confessed. And she would march the child down to the Fishers' settlement with the air of his being all her own.

But the great success was Nebby. Mrs. Spankiss might take to Jerry, from the force of that sheer pity which the strong woman had stowed away in her heart. Miss Skeggs might believe she adored little Obby; but it was Nebby and Jessie Macfarlane who really took to one another in the heartiest manner possible.

It was this love, which grew up swiftly in the little boy for Jessie, which put Jubeline Fisher into one of the last of her rages.

It was on that same 22nd of June, and the poor woman had an interval of half lucidity about mid-day, the time when Jessie and her little charge came down to the camp.

"Nebby—my Nebby!" says the poor woman, screaming as she sees her youngest but one.

And thereupon the little fellow, who, though he can count his years on the chubby fingers of either hand, has a lively remembrance of his mother's fierce failings, flinches from his parent, clutches Jessie tight round the neck, and begins that kind of roar which is only a source of satisfaction to that father who is in chronic doubt as to the lungs of his offspring.

The poor sergeantess!

"You witch!" she says, shaking her weak and failing hands at Jessie, and relapsing in one swift moment into mania. "You baggage! you slut! Steal my child from me—steal my child from me!—and you want to steal him from me! I hope he'll make you such a husband as he's made me! Give me my child! Shall poison my dear child! I'm all alone! They are killing me! Send for the chaplain! Job—where's my son Job?"

"Here I am, mother—all right; here's the medicine, mother," says the poor boy (who, with all this watching and pain, is very wretched, broken down), and handing a cup, at which eagerly she bit.

"Send for the chaplain; your father's poisoning me, dear—because he wants—but you just send for the chaplain—send for the chaplain."

But here the strength of the opiumized medicine soon took effect, she being very weak and near her end. And still crying for the chaplain, but happily not making her wild belief intelligible to the boy that his father wanted to kill her in order to marry Jessie Macfarlane, she fell off into that lethargy in which she had passed most of the last three or four days.

Mrs. O'Goggarty came down several times between the 15th and 22nd, and each time she was accompanied by a magnum of "claret," as she would call claret in spite of all teaching.

But all the friends in the world could not save Mrs. Fisher, who had lost all chances of life (so said Phil Effingham) by the wilfulness of her worst enemy—herself.

By the night of that 22nd of June, both the Fishers, father and son, were quite worn down with their watching, and hard work, and despair.

It was an hour past sunset when an orderly summoned the sergeant to attend the captain of his company.

"All right, Billings," says the sergeant to this official. "I'll be up at quarters in half a minute."

The sergeant came back into the tent, and going to the low truckle bedstead, he knelt down and kissed his wife.

She started slightly as his lips touched her cheek. That was all the notice she took.

"Good-bye, wife, my poor dear, if I don't see you again," says he.

And the words awakening the poor woman to a sense of speech, she said, faintly, "Tom Forchett."

"Father, must you go up to quarters?"

"Yes, my boy; you know as duty is duty."

"Father, be back as soon as you can—won't you?"

"Yes, my boy; but I trust as you're not afraid to be left alone with your dear mother."

"Oh, no, only—"

"Which, Job, I understand you particular well. It is as you mean you think I ought to be here—Isn't that it?"

"Yes," says the boy, winding his hand into the big, strong hand which his father has carried into many an Indian, and one or two Russian battles.

"Good-bye, my boy; if mother wakes, tell her I kissed her."

Then the sergeant left the tent very hurriedly. For my part, I think he was sobbing.

The sergeant was a long while away.

Visitors had come to the tent in his absence, but not, so far, the grim guest who calls upon each of his hosts but once.

For instance, Spankiss had come down, and upon beating an honourable retreat, she said, "Drummer Fisher, sir, you'll make a man, I'm shore; and what's further shore, you'll make a soljer, and if your mother knows that, think what a comfort it will be, and here's a shilling for you. God bless you!"

And then Mrs. S. retired in very quick time. She has always said she tuned "British Grenadiers" as she left the tent, but Tim Flat says she tried "The Dead March from Saul," and did not get further than three notes. And indeed I, who knew "Suds," believe that she did not get thus far, for a greater vocal failure than Mrs. S., even in plain chorus, I never met in the army, where, as a rule, choruses are things to be proud of.

I think Tim was watching for Jessie to come down to the tent, and he must have known her time, for though he had fallen asleep twice (no able-bodied military man in these busy times had more than six hours' rest) he awoke at her foot-fall.

She was about to enter the tent as Phil Effingham came out of it.

"Eh! but you frightened me, sir," says Jess.

"Indeed, I should be sorry to frighten you, Jess," says Phil, in a voice which is half bantering and half solemn.

"How is the poor thing, sir?"

"She'll soon be better, Jessie."

"Hey! you've done her good, then?"

Now there was that in this remark which allowed the inference that Jessie Macfarlane had little trust in medicine. Mayhap Phil formed that inference but though fond of any good thing, even when it told against himself, he took no notice of the unintended satire.

"No, Jess," said he; "she'll soon be better without medicine!"

"Poor thing!—then she's going to her long home?"

"Yes, Jess."

"Poor woman!—the army could just have spared a better woman."

"Oh, don't pity her, Jessie, my girl," says Phil,—who was not awkward before Jessie now, seeing they both stood so near death—"don't pity her. Mayhap she is well out of the hard rubs we shall have to go through."

"Hey, sir, is there more danger talked of?"

"I don't think, Jessie, that we shall be able to eat our rations in peace for some time to come; perhaps never—perhaps never. God knows where it will all end, Jess, so don't pity one who is fast getting away from it all."

"But there are the poor bairns—the poor little ones," says Jessie.

"They will find friends, Jess; and—"

Perhaps downright honest Dr. Phil was going to say they could not fall into worse hands than they had. But he stopped the uncharitable words. For it is one of the peculiar provinces of death, to gild brass, as it were, and make it appear pure gold.

We cannot condemn the recently dead so fiercely as when living. We begin even to pity murderers as soon as they are hanged out of hand.

"Are you coming my way, Jess?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir," says Jessie, with Glasgow prudence, even in the presence of the great King Death; "I'm just going in to see the poor body."

"Good night," said the doctor half-cheerily, half-plaintively, and, so saying, he turned away.

I think Tim Flat felt relieved.

Jess left the tent in a few minutes, and though Tim Flat meant to address her in the accidental way common to lovers, when she came from the Fisher quarters, he did nothing of the kind, but simply followed her at a decent distance, and saw her safe past the threshold of the colonel's quarters.

Jessie came from the tent wiping her eyes on one of those hideous check handkerchiefs of hers, to which reference has already been made.

The tent was very quiet.

"Will mother die, sir?" the lad asked the doctor, plaintively, saluting as he did so.

"Yes, my boy," said Phil.

"Will mother speak to me again, sir?" he continues, again saluting.

"No, my boy," says the kind-hearted, but not very kindly-spoken, doctor. "Mother will not speak again. She will sigh, and sigh, till she gets out of a world that many of us are not sorry to quit," says Phil Effingham.

The boy did not reply.

"Good night, drummer," said Phil.

"Night, sir," says the lad.

This time he did not salute.

The tent was very quiet.

If you leaned your head near the canvass nearest to the bed, you might have heard, as did Mrs. Maloney, the heavy sigh-sighing of the dying woman, who had found the world such a place for war that she was now to know peace for the first time within the knowledge of all of the British army that knew her.

The tent was very quiet. After the children were removed it became quiet; as the sergeantess ceased to rave it became quieter.

Now, but for the sighing, there was no sound to be heard coming from it.

Nor any light. The poor woman was dying in the darkness, for the boy had fallen into that stupid state when, while sense still is with us, we appear to have no power of drawing ourselves together.

He sat upon a low stool, stupidly peering at the line of the opening to the tent, the flap piece of which was not closed, and which was bright in the moonlight.

The boy has since said that all his desire during that time seemed to be to endeavour to measure by sight what was the exact length of this streak of moonlight.

It was very fine weather, and the stars were shining with such brightness as we never get in England.

How long did the poor boy watch?

It must have been for some hours.

At last he heard a footprint, which he knew to be his father's.

The boy got up—stupid still, and as though acting from pure mechanism.

Then he stopped, for there was some one talking to his father.

It was Mrs. Maloney.

"Fisher," said she.

"Yes, Mrs. Maloney."

"I trust ye're a man?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Maloney."

"Look up there, then,"—and here the plain Irishwoman pointed her hard, crooked, work-distorted finger upwards. "Sure, Fisher, man, arl the stars are at peace, and if the Master bids them be patient, it's not in us humans to be angry, or to be heartbroken for long, is it?"

"No, mother, 'tisn't," said he.

And thereupon Mrs. M. had said all she had to say.

"Good night, Fisher," she said; "I'd been in the tent this night, but I've thought she was best with her own son. And, Fisher, if you break down once more, jest come out and take a look at the stars, me boy, and that'll comfort ye, ye know."

And thereupon good old Maloney turned away, and went to her honest bed, somehow with the consciousness of having done her duty.

"Hallo, father!" says the boy.

"Why, haven't you got a light, my boy?"

"Yes, father."

And, so saying, in a few moments the pale light shone on the poor sergeantess.

Days before, she would have been removed to the hospital; but this she herself had so fiercely opposed, that, in the faint hope of saving her, she had been left in her own tent.

She started as the light burst on her.

Whether it was that the change from darkness to light awoke for a moment the fleeing knowledge, or that Phil Effingham was wrong when he said she would not speak again, it is certain that she uttered a faint cry.

The sergeant turned towards her.

"Mother, dear, do you know me?"

"No," she says, in a faint whisper.

"Not know me?" says the sergeant sadly.

"No; but you're like—like some one I know."

"And who's that?" says the poor sergeant, supposing, I presume, that she would name herself.

"Tom Forchett," she says, and faintly laughs.

And these were the last words ever she spoke.

It is true that after she was dead, and a few moments after Fisher had kissed her while alive for the last time, that there were tears on her face.

What did they mean?

God knows.

But even man may be merciful. Perhaps love for her husband and children, perhaps the yearning towards them bade the tears flow.

But she never spoke again.

The sergeant sat down and watched, hand-in-hand with his little son.

After a time the boy fell asleep, his head resting on his father's knees.

The cold, dull sensation which precedes early morn was in the air, when the sergeant saw the wife suddenly moving.

He started up, as the affrighted boy uttered a cry, and says,

"Juby, dear!"

She took no notice, but gradually, gradually her body began back and back, so that her chest protruded.

The tetanus—that setting of the nerves which is so horrible had commenced.

The boy, having been told by the doctor to give the mother medicine whenever the mother became uneasy, ran to the bedside to give the narcotic drink.

"Father," said he, "mother's teeth is set!"

The sergeant, paler than he had ever been before in the presence of death, put his hands to the fixing jaws.

"I'll run for the doctor," says the poor sergeant, and in a few minutes he was beating at Effingham's quarters.

Phil was too fine a fellow to be angry at the summons.

"I can do no good," said Phil; "but I'll come."

He knew that tetanus had set in, but he also knew the worth of sympathy.

Two hours afterwards the tent of the Fishers was quietest of all.

For she who had made it so noisy and uproarious lay dead within it; and as they tended her after death, the body yielded willingly, for the first time, perhaps, through forty years.

The sergeant had loved her dearly, and the memory he held of her made him weep.

Now, the tent was absolutely quiet but for the sergeant's tears.

And then the voice of the little boy, patting the kneeling, broad-shouldered father on the back.

"Hold up, father!—hold up! Don't, father, don't!"

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

MEANWHILE, where was Lota?

Not at Delhi.

There the people were adoring her memory as a saint.

On the day after the sacrifice, upon her attendants going to her room, they found her gone. Her clothes lay about—nothing was missed.

The guard had heard naught.

The guard had seen naught.

But before the sun had fairly risen, the Hindus in Delhi cried that Brahma had carried her to his heaven, and the palace being thrown open, they came in many thousands to prostrate themselves before the room which Brahma had entered.

Now, in truth, in a wild and desolate spot, with towering hills about, and no human habitation near, Lota, knowing no human being, not even herself,—Lota languished—languished far away in the Shore Ghaut, where no white face could find her, and where it was perhaps meant that she should die.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

ALTHOUGH last week the weather opened favourably for gardening operations, this was of short duration. Hail storms again prevailed, and many of the young plants not sufficiently protected were suddenly nipped off. Again, the past week opened exceedingly favourable; but even this may be of short continuance. Should this be the case, the whole of the work set out for last week may be persevered in as the

#### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—In addition to the previous advice, sow celery for successive crop; increase camomile by dividing the roots; add fresh linings to cucumber beds, and fork up frequently, preserving a moderate heat for some time. Sow fennel or increase it by slips of roots; also dill, if required; and marjoram. Lettuce, peas, &c., as directed last week. Thin autumn-sown onions, and replant them, if required, in rows nine inches apart; the ground to be slightly manured with soot, or the plants occasionally watered with soot water in dry weather: sow additional onions to draw young. Plant slips, off-shoots, or cuttings of balm, burnet, hyssop, pennyroyal, lavender, rue, sage, sorrel, savory, tansy, and thyme. Continue sowings of spinach once a fortnight for successive crops, between rows of peas, beans, &c. Hand-weed all beds as soon as weeds appear. In particular, destroy groundsel. Hoe up all advancing crops.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Remove auriculas from frames as soon as they begin to show colour to a shady situation under hand-glasses, and protect with mats from cold winds or frosts. Plant, and prune, and finish planting



